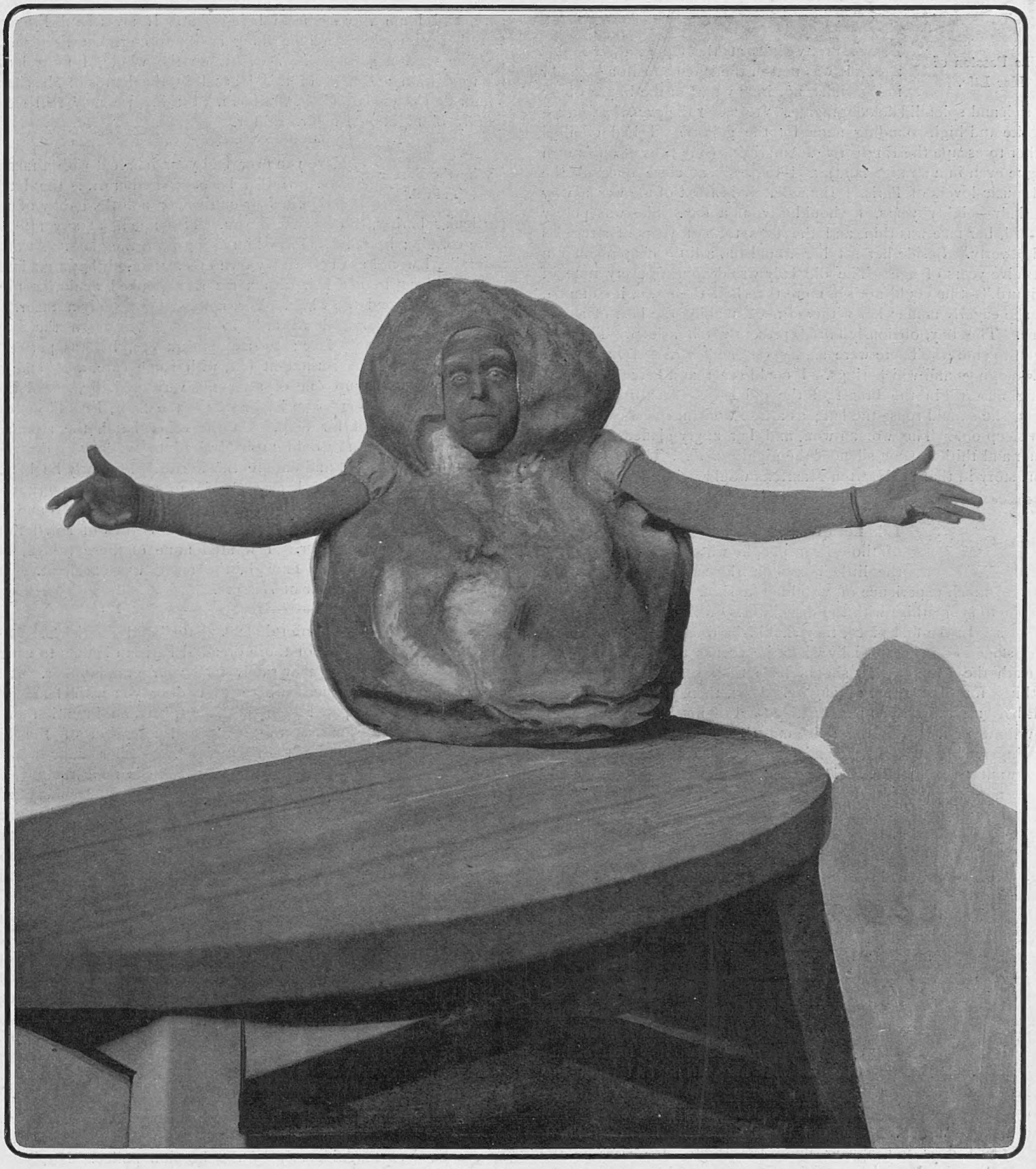
The Sketch

No. 881.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1909. SIXPENCE.



YOUR BREAD WILL COST YOU MORE—TEN SHILLINGS A STALL.

MR. EDWARD RIGBY AS BREAD IN "THE BLUE BIRD."

A sight of the newest of new bread may be obtained at the Haymarket Theatre, at prices varying from one shilling to ten shillings and sixpence. This fact, which may be of interest to politicians, is made possible by M. Maeterlinck, one of the characters in whose fairy play is the "Soul of Bread." Milk, Water, and Sugar, are served with the loaf. Families supplied daily.—[*Photograph by Dover Street Studios.*]



PARIS.

The Passion of Her Life.

I saw a pretty sight at the Opera a few nights ago. It was not on the stage, nor in a box, nor in the stalls, nor in any part of the house where the rich and splendid do congregate. It was on the *quatrième étage*—a polite and high-sounding name for the gallery. I had climbed thither to escape the English and Americans (one tires of one's own tongue even in a strange land), and to study at close quarters the real music-lovers of Paris. Immediately in front of me was a very old lady—eighty years, I should say, if a day. She was poorly dressed, her face was thin, and the eyes told of years of struggles and poverty. Beside her sat her grandson, a little chap about ten or twelve years of age. The old lady was devouring every note of "Sigurd." She could not see more than half the stage, if so much, but she eagerly craned her withered neck, making the best of a bad place. The boy, obviously bored, presently fell asleep. Then he began to snore. There were smiles on the *quatrième étage* at that, and nudgings and whisperings. I could see that a fierce battle was going forward in the breast of the old lady. As a true lover of opera, she should rouse the lad; as a true woman, she wanted to let him sleep on. The woman won, and her angry glances, shooting hither and thither, soon silenced the giggling. . . . There is a whole short story in that—if Maarten Maartens would write it.

Some Operatic Notes.

I do not quite understand the attitude of mind of those dear people who seat themselves in the little boxes on the stage. Anybody who has had much experience of watching a show from the wings will be able to sympathise with the discomforts of these lavishly attired sufferers. In the first place, they should be dressed in overalls, for every stage is dusty, especially when the scenes are being changed. Beneath the overalls they should have their stoutest and warmest clothing, for all stages are draughty. Why, then, do they sit there? Is it because they are so passionately fond of music that they want to wallow in it? But the noise must be deafening, even though the singers sing at the house and not at them. Again, is it because they want to see better? But even a stage-manager of lifelong experience would confess that it is almost impossible to form a fair estimate of acting from the stage, whilst a scenic artist would hold up his hands in horror at the idea of his work being judged from that point. Is it because they themselves want to be——? No! A thousand times, no! Away, evil thought! Snobbery may flourish in the theatre, in the restaurant, at the race-meeting, in the salon, but never, never, at the Opera. So far as you and I are concerned, then, friend the reader, the fascination of the box on the stage must remain a mystery.

"The Sketch" at Olympia.

Messieurs Victor de Cottens et H. B. Marinelli, the Directors of Olympia (de Paris), inform me that they have introduced two new features into their revue. Both strike the personal note. The first is the appearance of M. René Collard, who sprang into fame by bursting into the Palais de Justice during the hearing of the Steinheil trial, and declaring that he did the deeds with his own hand. M. Collard does not appear upon the stage. He rises in the stalls and excitedly protests against the use of his name on the stage. I met him in a café after his first appearance. He is very young, but had quite the resigned, tired manner of the old professional. The second new feature is a direct invitation to myself to rival M. Collard. A character in the revue describes himself as the Paris representative of *The Sketch*. What is to be done about it? So far as I can make out, he is quite a nice character, but it would need an expert in Parisian slang to be sure, and I am very far from being that. If my friend Fragson were here, I could take him along as interpreter, but Fragson is not due until next month. So that, on the whole, I must leave my reputation and that of this journal in the hands of Messieurs Victor de Cottens et H. B. Marinelli. I think we may still sleep quietly o' nights, dear Mr. Editor.

Why the Barber Talked.

Have you ever had your hair cut with a razor? No? Well, I have. Whether it is the latest dodge in hair-cutting, or a little hobby of my particular barber, I cannot tell you. This much, at any rate, is quite certain; he did it. I saw him doing it, in the glass. At first, naturally, I would not believe my own eyes. Nobody but a madman would attempt to cut hair with a razor. I looked again, keeping very still and good the while. Yes, it was undoubtedly a razor. I could feel it slicing downwards at my head through the hair. I watched the man's face; to all appearances, he was perfectly calm and collected. I thought out, with some care, a scheme of escape. If I flung up one of my hands very suddenly, seized him by the wrist, and swung him backwards to the floor, I could get out of the shop and call for help. On the other hand, the mere act of flinging up a hand would probably lead to my instant destruction. I decided to sit and endure the horror. Presently he began to talk. As a rule, when barbers begin to talk, I give a grunt of dissatisfaction. On this occasion, I smiled very sweetly and let him talk. I even allowed him to sell me bottles of hair-lotion, shaving-soap, and a razor. I wanted none of these things, but what would you? Oddly enough, the result was excellent. He finished me off with a pair of scissors.

Bal du Moulin de la Galette.

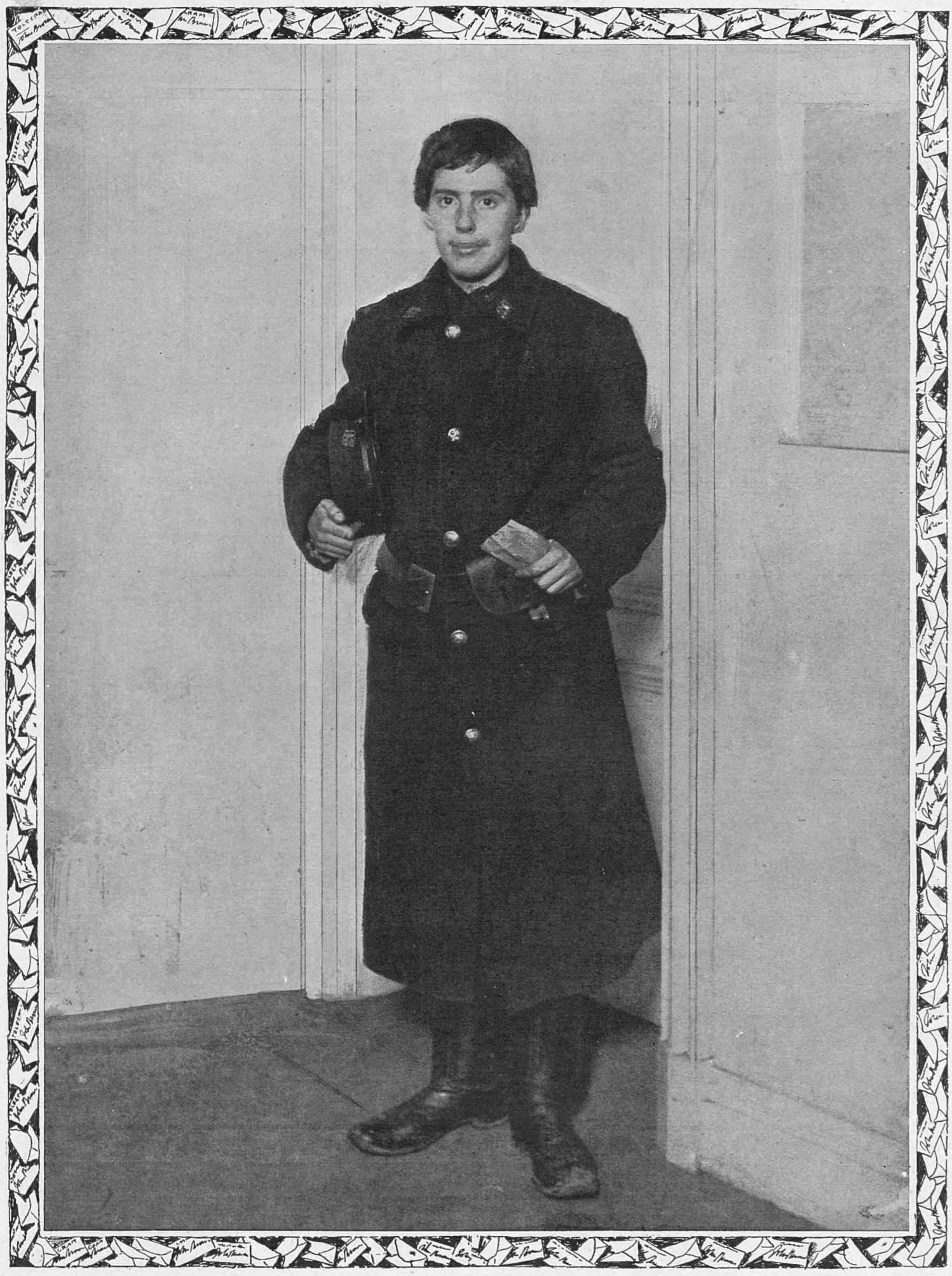
"Moulin de la Galette" still flourishes. It is one of those dreadful Parisian haunts to which you may safely take your grandmother. It is one of those awful places where they drug you with lemonade and knife you with paper swords. The spirit and intention of it are precisely the same as the spirit and intention of the big dancing-halls in the North of England. Father dances with daughter, sweetheart with sweetheart. There is no ceremony, no dressing-up. I saw one dear lady enjoying herself tremendously the other night in a pair of goloshes. Her eyes sparkled, her face shone; round she went. Of course, it differs in points of detail from Blackpool and Douglas. The hall is very much smaller, and the dancers are very much livelier. They make a romp of the business rather than a religion. Those who are not dancing do their best to add to the general gaiety by pinching those who dance past them, whether they have been introduced or not. At intervals, moreover, when things threaten to grow slack, a solicitous management sees to it that guns shall be fired. One young gallant interested me greatly. He had a very red face and enormous boots. Directly the music started, he rushed at his girl, swung her off her feet, and carried her round the room until the music stopped. Then he would fling her back into her seat without a word and dash to the bar.

"Si 'ous Plait!"

Slowly, timidly, yet surely, the gendarme is mastering the principles of traffic regulation as practised so magnificently by the London police. He is very self-conscious about it, however, as yet. He does not stride into the middle of the road with impassive face and one hand raised. His first movement is to wave a little white stick at the traffic from his place of safety on an "island." Then, tentatively, he steps into the roadway, smiling at the drivers of cabs and lorries in an ingratiating manner, as who should say, "Of course, this is awful rot; but, when a fellow has his instructions, what can he do? You wish to pass? Certainly!"

"GIVEN AWAY" BY HANDS, FACE, AND CAP:

THE TELEGRAPH-BOY-GIRL.



THE ALBERT HAUL! MISS JESSIE KENNEDY, THE SUFFRAGETTE, AS A TELEGRAPH-BOY—IN THE DRESS IN WHICH SHE SOUGHT TO GAIN ADMISSION TO THE ALBERT HALL.

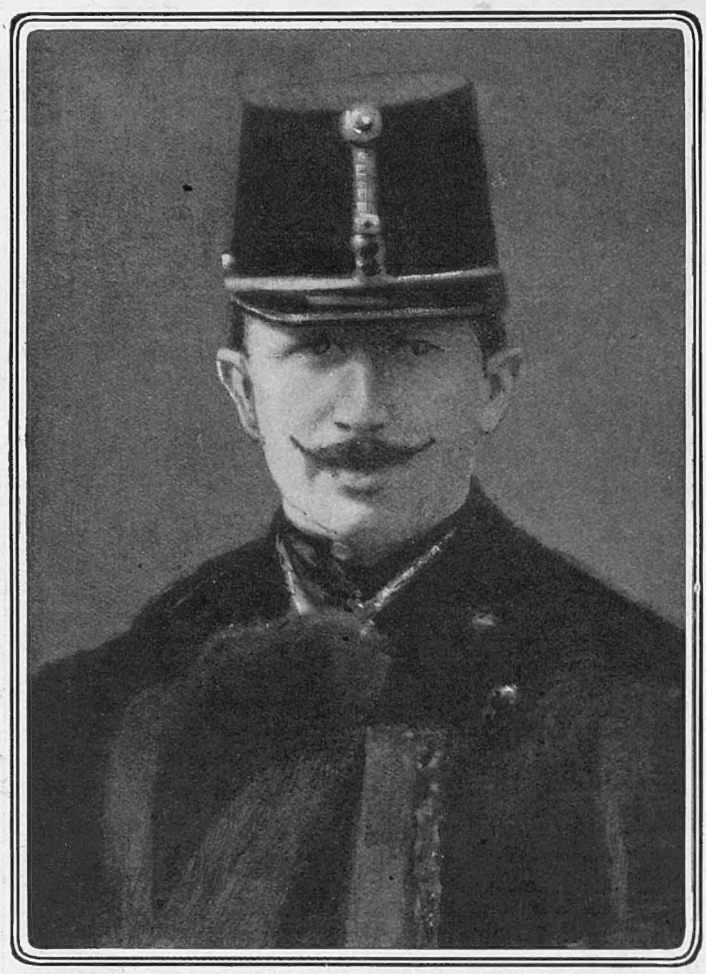
The Albert Hall meeting, at which Mr. Asquith announced the fighting policy of the Liberals, was not interrupted by the Suffragettes. This was not the fault of the militant ladies themselves, who did all that in them lay to secure admission, and to retain positions they had taken up beforehand in more or less ingenious hiding-places. A thorough search of the great building caused a number of enthusiastic advocates of "Votes for Women" to be dragged into the light of day, but not with them were the chief honours. These fell to Miss Jessie Kennedy, who, disguised as a telegraph-boy, presented herself at the door opening on to the orchestra, and endeavoured to enter. She was "discovered" by the policeman on duty, who viewed her shapely hands, her face, and the angle of her cap with suspicion. So she was compelled to retreat to the sanctuary offered by a cab.—[*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MARRIED TO THE SON OF THE LATE COLONEL ALAN GARDNER: MRS. A. H. H. GARDNER (FORMERLY MISS VIOLET HOLLOM, OF "THE MERRY PEASANT").

Mr. Alan H. H. Gardner, son of the late Colonel Alan Gardner, one-time M.P. for Ross, and of the Hon. Mrs. Alan Gardner, eldest daughter of Lord Blyth, was married the other day to Miss Violet Hollom, the pretty young actress who was appearing in "The Merry Peasant," at the Strand. Mr. Gardner's father was a son of the third Lord Gardner. He himself was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst. He was born in 1887. His bride is twenty-one. She was playing in "Peter Pan" when Mr. Gardner first saw her, and has appeared also at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and on tour.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*]



ACCUSED OF SEEKING PROMOTION BY POISON: LIEUTENANT HOFRICHTER, OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY, WHO IS BEING TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL.

Lieutenant Hofrichter is accused of having sent poisonous pills by post to certain staff officers. The court-martial began last week. Austria is much stirred—divided into those who believe the young officer innocent, and those who believe him guilty. The number of the former is much greater than that of the latter. There are those who prophesy an Austrian Dreyfus case, for should the court bring in a verdict of Guilty, many will remain unconvinced. Indeed, it would seem that the bulk of opinion is on the side of the accused man.

Photograph by Scherl.



MAKING A DEAD DOG BARK: DR. MARAGE ANIMATING THE LARYNX.

With the aid of electricity and compressed air, Dr. Marage, experimenting recently at the Paris Academy of Sciences, animated the larynx of a dead dog, and so produced barks. It is believed that the Doctor's work will be of great value to members of the medical profession, especially to those studying diseases of the throat.

Photograph by Delius.

"WHAT SAYS QUINAPALUS—'BETTER A WITTY FOOL THAN A FOOLISH WIT'": THE CHIEF OF THE FOLLIES.



CREATOR OF A NEW FORM OF WEST-END ENTERTAINMENT: MR. PELISSIER—FROM THE PAINTING BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

To Mr. Pelissier, the wittiest of fools, belongs the credit of having introduced into the West End of London a form of entertainment as new as it is pleasing. A man of great ingenuity and invention, he has surrounded himself with an excellent company, with the result that his show has been for a long time, and is likely to remain, one of the brightest in town. This excellent painting of him, by Mr. John Collier, is in the forty-second exhibition of portraits now being held at the New Gallery.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
TO-MORROW (Thursday) Evening and TWICE DAILY,
PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES.
By W. Graham Robertson. Music by Frederic Norton.
Produced by HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
Uncle Gregory ... ... MR. EDWARD TERRY.

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8. A Musical Play, OUR MISS GIBBS.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open daily 10 till 10.

GARRICK. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. A Fantasy by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare.
Music by Edward Jones.
WHERE CHILDREN RULE.
FIRST MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), December 15.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIANS.
EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.
SPECIAL MATINEE BOXING DAY at 2.
Box Office. 10 to 10. Tels. Gerrard 6666, 6867.

WYNDHAM'S.—Every Evening at 9. Frank Curzon's New Production. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and Co. in THE LITTLE DAMOZEL, by Monckton Hoffe. At 8.15, "Tilda's New Hat." MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. 2.15.

NEW THEATRE. THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.
EVENINGS at 9. MATINEE Weds. and Sats. at 3. MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS. At 8.30., Mats. 2.30., THE DEPUTY SHERIFF
A WHITE MAN--Special Matinees Dec. 16, 17, 27, 28, 30, 31—MR. HERBERT SLEATH

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, &c.,
in "ROUND THE WORLD." GEORGE ROBEY.
DAN, the Drunken Dog, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL for CHRISTMAS.
Comfort and Charm. Unique Hunting and Motoring Centre. Largest Stabling and Garage in district. Moderate and Inclusive Terms. 'Phone 741 Leamington.

BIRMINGHAM.—IMPERIAL HOTEL, formerly Acorn Hotel,
Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations.
GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE. The Ideal Residential Hotel. Furnished or Unfurnished Suites or Single Rooms for long or short periods. Magnificent Public Rooms. Recherché Restaurant. Afternoon Teas. Wedding Receptions. Telephone, Victoria 737. Tariff on application to W. M. Nefzger, General Manager.

PLEASURE RESORTS MIDST SUNSHINE AND SNOW.
P.L.M. SUNNY RIVIERA. ARTIC CHAMOUNIX.
Fast and Comfortable Travel. Seats Reserved.
CHEAP WINTER EXCURSIONS.
PAMPHLETS FROM ALL AGENCIES AND THE P.L.M., 179, PICCADILLY, W.

THE FAMILY GAME.
"INTERNATIONAL" POKER-PATIENCE. By **JACKPOT.** RULES, 6d.
"INTERNATIONAL" POKER-PATIENCE SCORERS, 3d., 4d., and 6d.
THE "ASK-IT" AUTOMATIC POKER-PATIENCE SCORER, 1/-.
"GEM" POKER-PATIENCE CABINET, 21/-.
"GEM" POKER-PATIENCE BOARDS, 2/6 and 3/-.
Strongest and Best. Refuse Substitutes. Insist on "INTERNATIONAL."
The International Card Co., 2, Bury St., E.C.

SPEND CHRISTMAS ON THE SUNNY SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	LITTLEHAMPTON	GOOD SERVICE of TRAINS from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road).
HOVE	BOGNOR	
WORTHING	HAYLING ISLAND	CHEAP RETURN TICKETS issued on December 24, 25, and 26 from London and certain suburban stations available to return on December 26, 27, or 28 only.
EASTBOURNE	SOUTHSEA	
BEXHILL	PORTSMOUTH	CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS daily to certain stations.
ST. LEONARDS	ISLE OF	
HASTINGS	WIGHT	Write for Xmas Programme, post free, Supt. of Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

SPECIAL TRAINS BY — HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. — CHEAP FARES BY

L. & S. W. R.

FROM LONDON (WATERLOO STATION)
EXPRESS CORRIDOR DINING-CAR* TRAINS,
Conveying Passengers at Ordinary and Cheap 3rd Class Fares to
DEVON AND CORNWALL,
will leave Waterloo (No. 6 Platform) on XMAS EVE, DEC 24, at
7 0 p.m. for EXETER, BUDE, LAUNCESTON, PADSTOW, BODMIN, WADEBRIDGE, and other North Cornwall Stations.
7 25 p.m. for EXETER, EXMOUTH, TAVISTOCK, PLYMOUTH. &c.
7 35 p.m. for ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD, TORRINGTON, and other North Devon Stations.
*Dinners, 3s., and Suppers, 2s., served en route.

ALSO SPECIAL FAST EXCURSIONS to the above-mentioned places, and to
HANTS, WILTS, SOMERSET, DORSET, &c.
14-Days Excursions—via Southampton—to **PARIS, NORMANDY, & BRITTANY.**

For full particulars see Programmes, obtainable at the Company's stations and offices, or from Mr. HENRY HOLMES, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s 3d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number) 16s. 4d.
Three Months 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

FROM MR. HEINEMANN'S XMAS LIST.

THE HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC.
By Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON.
Two Volumes, fully Illustrated in Colour, and from Photographs. Crown 4to, **36/-** net.
AUTOGRAPH EDITION DE LUXE.—Limited to 300 numbered copies, each signed by Sir E. Shackleton and the members of the Shore Party, with additional Illustrations and Text. Printed on Dutch Hand-made paper, with special watermark. Medium 4to, vellum, **£10 10s.** net.

The Most Beautiful Book of the Season.
ITALIAN HOURS.
By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated in Colour by JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 4to, **25/-** net.

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM'S NEW PICTURES.
UNDINE.
Adapted from the German by W. L. Courtney. With 15 Coloured Plates and many text Illustrations by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Crown 4to, **7/6** net.
N.B.—**This is the only entirely New and Original Work by Mr. Rackham published this year.**
Illustrated by the same Artist.
THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. Crown 4to, **15/-** net.
RIP VAN WINKLE. Crown 4to, **15/-** net.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Crown 4to, **15/-** net.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND. **6/-** net.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF SPAIN.
By W. W. COLLINS, R.I.
With 60 Water-Colour Drawings by the Author. Demy 8vo, **16/-** net.
Also Edition de Luxe, **42/-** net.
Uniform with the above. Demy 8vo, 16s. net each.
CATHEDRAL CITIES OF FRANCE. By HERBERT and HESTER MARSHALL. With 60 Water-Colour Drawings by HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.
CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND. By GEORGE GILBERT. With 60 Water-Colour Drawings by W. W. COLLINS, R.I.

CECIL ALDIN'S BOOKS FOR BACHELORS AND BENEDICKS
4 vols. Each 1s. net.
I. **BACHELORS AND A BACHELOR'S CONFESSIONS.** By WASHINGTON IRVING.
II. **WIVES.** By WASHINGTON IRVING, and **THE HEN-PECKED MAN.** By STEELE.
III. **THE WIDOW.** By WASHINGTON IRVING, and **THE PERVERSE WIDOW.** By STEELE.
IV. **JORROCKS ON 'UNTING.** By SURTEES
Each volume contains 3 mounted colour Plates and numerous text Illustrations by CECIL ALDIN.

THE QUEEN'S EDITION (Dedicated by permission to H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.)
HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.
With 8 coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in black and white by HANS TEGNER.
1 vol. **6s.** net.

FOSTER'S COMPLETE HOYLE:
An Encyclopædia of Indoor Games.
New and Enlarged Edition. 1 vol. **8s. 6d.** net.

Mr. Heinemann's Illustrated Autumn List, Post Free.
London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

CANNES, NICE, MONTE CARLO, &c. — CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, viâ DOVER and CALAIS, First Class, £9 12s.; Second Class, £6 12s., will be issued, leaving HOLBORN VIADUCT STATION at 11 a.m. on DEC. 23, Returning any day up to JAN. 30.

PARIS and Back, viâ CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 30s.; BRUSSELS and Back, 17s. 4d.; BOULOGNE and Back, 17s. 10d. CHAMONIX and Back (Winter Sports), £4 10s.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24. — A FAST LATE TRAIN to SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.15 midnight, WATERLOO 12.17 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.22 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.28 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.37 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.30 midnight, HOLBORN 12.25 a.m., ST. PAUL'S 12.26 a.m., ELEPHANT AND CASTLE 12.31 a.m., LOUGHBOROUGH JUNCTION 12.37 a.m., BRIXTON 12.38 a.m., and HERNE HILL 12.45 a.m. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains at the Week-end Fares for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

BOXING DAY.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM PRINCIPAL STATIONS TO LONDON, returning about midnight. Frequent Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN, and LUDGATE HILL to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION) and vice versa.
During the Holidays several trains will be withdrawn or altered.
For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Train Service Supplement and Holiday Programme.
VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

COUPON TICKET.
SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(*To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.*)
INSURANCE TICKET.
(*Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*)
Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.
ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.
This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "**Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,**" 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.
The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.
December 15, 1909. *Signature*.....

BRUMMELL
IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER
By COSMO HAMILTON

The Old Bee Way.

Like the brook, I'm still babblin,' still blowin' on, still runnin' quickly and makin' little eddies from type to type of woman to whom man makes love, still carryin' forward little sticks of wisdom, little leaves of wit, if I may say so, and lots of little bits and pieces of sheer idiocy in my usual helpless manner, in the dear old Bee way. I argue to myself that it may do good, and I comfort myself by sayin' that it certainly can't do any harm. In its way, therefore, my dribblin's are an achievement, and may be classed among the things unique, for there are precious few things goin' about which don't do harm, in one way or another. You will notice that from time to time I give way to a most gentle puff, and I'll tell you why I do. Although my correspondence is big, and the questions I am asked are many, very few people go out of their way to thank me for my efforts. And I don't mind tellin' you that it rankles. However, let's get on. Let's proceed to the eighth type. Let's amble up to the Country Type, who is the next on the list for treatment. Makin' love to a member of the Country Type is easy. For all members of the Country Type look upon the day as wasted unless something in the form of a man makes love to them. I suppose it's the country air that does it, and the country sounds, and the fact that, whatever is happenin' in London, there is a moon in the country; and you know what effect the moon has as well as I do, perhaps better, perhaps not. At any rate, my experience goes to show that, whether you like it or not, make love you must when the moon is out, even if you only take hands under the rug in the family rumbler to or from a dance. For myself, I have never yet been under a moon without fallin' instantly into the sammy-dammy state of mind, especially when I'm in a punt. If a canoe—well! And so on. Quickly. I feel that I must describe the Country Type, because, mind you, the Country Type does not always live in the country. You mostly meet her in London, and go into the country with her for country purposes, such as huntin', golfin', chasin' the wily otter—hot work, though cold—and so forth and so on. But you may always recognise the right Country Type at a glance. She does not wear a short tweed skirt as though it were a short tweed skirt, but, b'Jove and b'George, as though it weren't. And there is the great difference between the Country Type and the Country Type that is tryin' to be Country and isn't. You may also know the Country Type from the fact that she does the right country things in the right country manner. And by this I mean that she whistles on the way to the bath-room and does not blush if she meets you in the passage, that she clumps your door on her way back from the bath-room, and for twopence will break into your room and will press a wet sponge on your open mouth. After which she will yell with laughter at your country language, and give it you back with the right dialect.

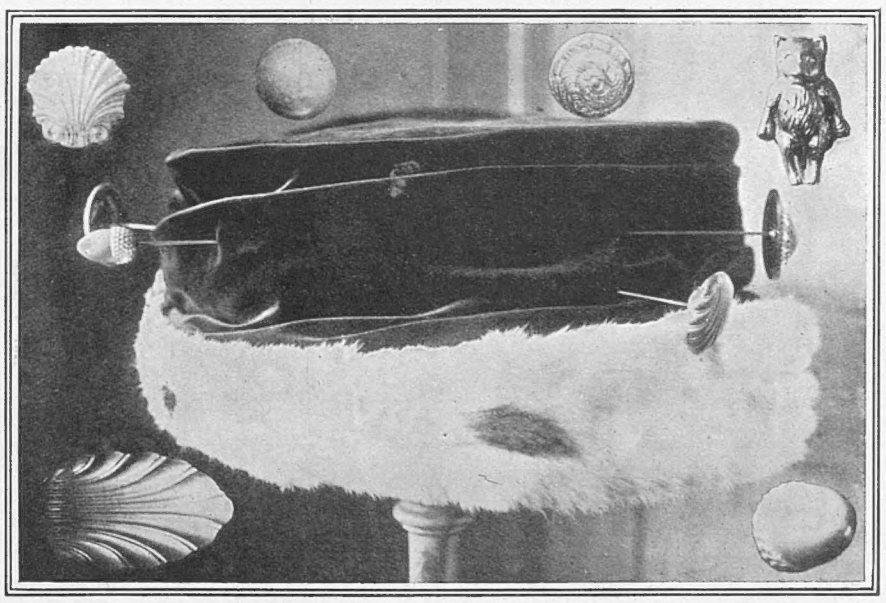


WHERE HE MAY FEEL THE "PULL" OF THE TAXES HE HAS INVENTED: MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S NEW HOUSE AT CRICCIETH. [NOTE.—THE LADDER SHOWN ON THE RIGHT IS NOT USED IN THE ROBBING OF HEN-ROOSTS.]

At the moment of writing, Mr. Lloyd-George is in Wales, to the delight of a number of the people. Among other things, he has been visiting the haunts where he played as a boy, and the village of Llanystumdwy, where he was brought up.—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]

Coddin' Country, D'y'see.

The Country Type, too, very rarely walks down stairs. Oh dear no. She slides down the banisters, or comes down four at a time. She is, in all her ways, like the sportin' lambkin and the half-broken colt. She is full of life in every sense of the word; eats hearty and drinks like a fish. I mean that she will face her glass of rustic ale like a young farmer, and not turn a hair at a spring-onion. Her language, too, is country. Hear her among the dogs. Hear her, also, among the grooms should they need correction or instruction. She carries a switch with intent, and addresses five-barred gates and barbed wire in the right country manner. It all comes easy to her. It is all effortless and spontaneous, and means nothing. She swears in the same way as a horse neighs, a goat bleats, and the village church-bells jangle. She is breezy by birth, and what in the Town Type would be atrocious is in her merely Somerset or Dorset, or even Essex. She has, too, a very nearly divine way of gettin' sunburnt. I have often been lost in admiration at the sight of the Country Type in evenin' clothes. *She* doesn't give a snuff of the fingers for that rippin' line of brown that cuts the upper neck from the lower neck. As a matter of fact, she doesn't notice it. There it is, so to speak, and there you are. She doesn't try to hedge with stuff out of fancy bottles. In fact, she has no fancy bottles. She leaves her face alone, freckles and all, and it is very pleasant, especially to-day, when even the youngest of little things makes up and looks out at you from behind a cloud of poudre d'amour. If you want to know the only way in which to start makin' love to Miss Essex, or Miss Somerset, or Miss Dorset, I'll tell you. It's a tip. Be country yourself right away. Forget your Guards patronage, your Oxford manner, your professional side, and your London cynicism. Be a son of the soil. Laugh loudly and romp rough. Be prepared to rumple, and keep your neck well oiled in order to dodge a quick left and right. In other words, make no bones about it, but be a Hodge, ready either to rush, scamper, guffaw, stampede, or slop along the lanes towards the stile, and talk the "darling-yes-darling-only-darling" sort of stuff which is what the Country Type indulges in, not only with one but with plenty of Hodges. All, mind you, nice and bright and innocent, but all things for which you must go into trainin'. So there you are. Now make up your mind as to whether you will lead the Country Type to the altar and be haltered, if I may say so.



TO MAKE WOMAN LESS LIKE THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE: ORNAMENTAL PROTECTORS FOR USE ON HAT-PINS.

The danger of the hat-pin has long been recognised, but few attempts have been made hitherto to conquer it. Now have come into being a number of ornamental "knobs" for placing on the sharp ends of the pins after those deadly "weapons" have been passed through the hat.—(*Photograph by Halftones.*)

THE CLUBMAN

Woolwich and Sandhurst.

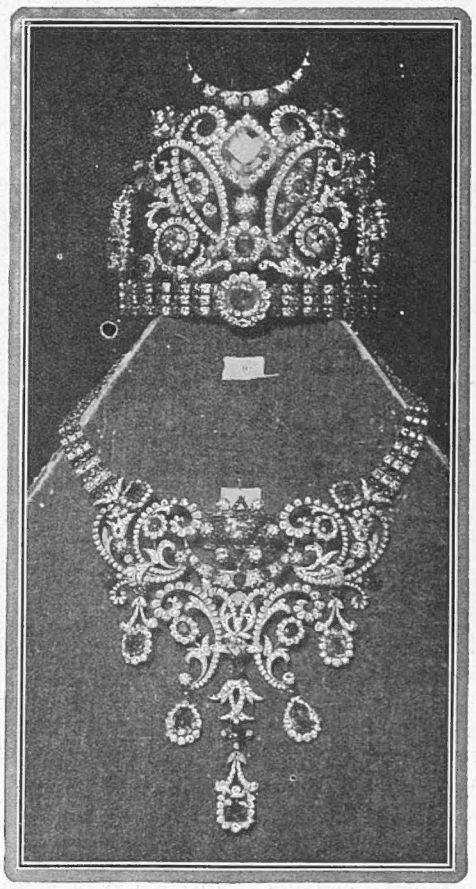
The doors of Sandhurst and Woolwich have been thrown wide open to all the candidates who passed the preliminary examination. At first blush I should have taken it that the schools with Army classes would have been delighted that all their boys who passed the qualifying examination should be said to have passed into the military colleges. But I find that this is not the case. Any school with an especially clever set of lads going up for Sandhurst or Woolwich hoped to obtain honours in the examination, so as to be able to say that pupils from their school had passed first in such-and-such a subject, or had obtained a very high place in the entry-list. And, of course, the schools who had not specially brilliant scholars as competitors now think that all their geese were swans; therefore not a single word of thanks comes from Public Schools to the military authorities.

What's Wrong with the Service?

Except in war-time I do not believe that there has been such a wholesale sweeping into the academies of likely lads as there is at present. There is a tale told that in the days of the Indian Mutiny a young gentleman, anxious to obtain a commission in a regiment serving in the East, came up before the big-wigs of the Horse Guards to be put through his facings with a view to wearing a sword immediately. He was only asked one question. "What would you do if you met Nana Sahib?" His answer was, "I would cut off his head!" and this reply was held to be so spirited and so satisfactory that the boy got his commission at once. The war in South Africa saw many commissions given to young men who had not passed the military competitive examinations; but the commissions given in South Africa were to men who had proved their utility in the field, and were real leaders of soldiers. No doubt a sifting process will go on at the academies, and should any very lame ducks have squeezed in, it will be pointed out to them that their talent lies in the direction of some other profession. But there must be something wrong with the Service when it has become so unattractive that there is no competition to enter it.

A Young Diogenes.

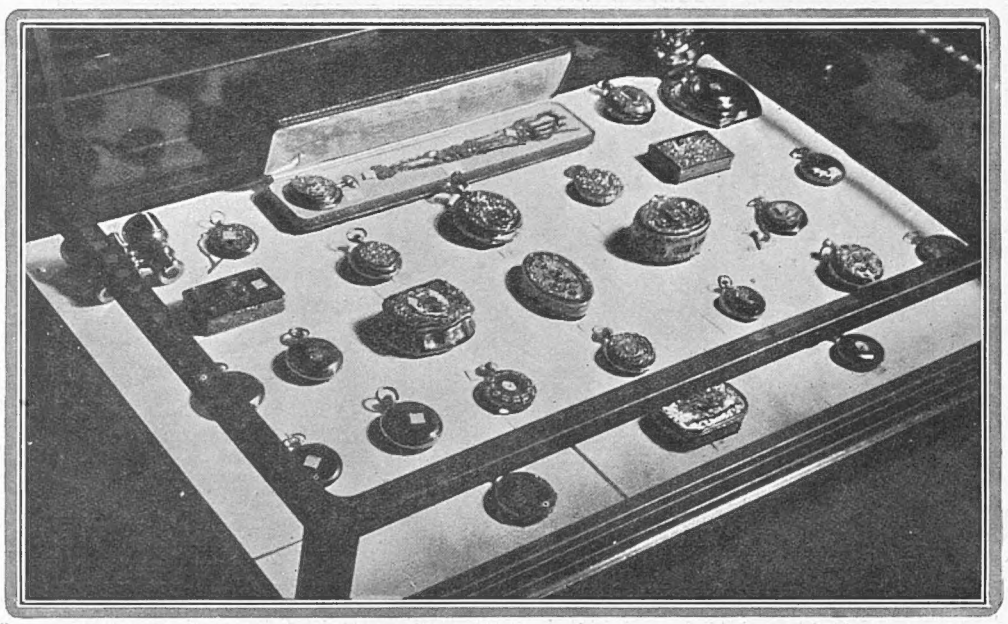
My hair fairly stood on end when a small boy in whom I am interested, and who is at the great Public School which has sent more officers into the Army than any other, told me that the opinion of his school now was that the Army was "a rotten Service." If this fairly represents school opinion—and I have little doubt it does—times have changed wonderfully since the Duke of Wellington refused to consider the matter of raising the pay of the British officer, saying that he could get all the officers he wanted from the Public Schools even if there were no pay at all. I asked the young pessimist who voiced the unfavourable opinion of his school why the Army had suddenly come into disfavour. "You never know where you are in it; you are hunted day and night; and you are abused for not making your pay go twice as far as it can," was the answer of my young Diogenes, and he added that some of the brothers of fellows at the school had been officers in the battalions and batteries which were reduced lately, and that nobody seemed to be sure that other regiments were not going into the melting-pot. In the days of the wars in Flanders, and even as late as the Peninsula, the half-pay officer was the worst advertisement for the British Army. It seems now that the fate of officers in reduced battalions who have to wait for a vacancy and who retard regimental promotion is, to put it mildly, not an encouragement to their younger relatives to enter the Service. I hear in the Clubs the talk of fathers of boys who are at the Public Schools. The elder men, many of them soldiers themselves, do not, like the small boys, consider the Army "a rotten Service"; but they say very emphatically that they will not advise their sons to enter a very hard-worked profession in which all the gilt has been worn off the gingerbread, and in which the pay is only half the amount of that in other hard-working lines of life. I am afraid that, with fathers so thinking and sons believing that soldiering consists in being "hunted," it will tax all the cleverness of War Ministers to make the Service popular again.



PAWNED BY THE EX-SULTAN OF MOROCCO TWO YEARS AGO: JEWELS THAT BELONGED TO ABDUL AZIZ TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN PARIS.

The Public School Ranch.

The boys and their fathers are looking about for new openings for lads of spirit. The boys talk a good deal about the Consular Service as being a pleasant opening, and organised colonisation is likely soon to be one of the goals towards which a Public Schoolboy with plenty of spirit will turn his eyes. Bradfield is the first school to give a lead in this matter, and all the other big schools are watching the experiment—most of them with a view to copying it. Doctor Gray has obtained Bradfield boys a ranch in Canada, near Calgary, and each year he proposes to take out there a little body of Bradfield boys whose tastes lie in the direction of farming on the larger scale in a magnificent climate. The boys pay their passage and a premium for the instruction they receive, but they begin to earn money as soon as they become proficient husbandmen. They live amidst surroundings which are not unrefined. There is a piano and a library in the big farmhouse where this little Bradfield colony is going to live and be guided in the straight furrow by an experienced Colonial farmer. At the close of their apprenticeship, the boys will be given a chance of becoming farmers on their own account. I shall be surprised if Bradfield's example is not very generally copied and if great ranches annexed to our Public Schools are not to be found before very long in all our Colonies and Dominions



THE SECURITY A SULTAN OFFERED HIS "AUNT" IN PARIS FOR THE LOAN OF £60,000: JEWELS PAWNED BY ABDUL AZIZ.

Two years ago, or thereabouts, the then Sultan of Morocco pawned a number of jewels with "Ma Tante" (the Mont de Piété, the national pawn-shop of France), raising on them, it is said, £60,000. The jewels were announced for sale a few days ago, but at the last moment the auction was postponed for a month by order of the Judge of the Tribunal of the Seine. It is understood that the present Sultan has offered to redeem the jewels, but that the matter is difficult, as the pawn-ticket has been lost.

THE YELL-OH PRESS: AS IT IS DONE IN AMERICA.

The Romance of "The Most Perfect Back."

How Malcolm Strauss, the Artist, Fell in Love With the Extremely Decorative Shoulders of Miss Lotta Faust, the Actress, and Now—a Joint Appearance on the Stage of Matrimony Soon?



"'THERE it is—Lotta Faust's back.' Dazzlingly white, like new fallen snow, it reminded him of the Venus de Medici. Its shoulders were as firm and strong and broad, yet gently sloping; smooth and soft as velvet. Not too fat nor too thin. There was not a half ounce of flesh to spare, not a half ounce missing. Even to its draping was the back exquisite. It was framed in perfect taste, in black satin that threw its marble-like quality into high relief. On the left shoulder was a dimple, where, a poet wrote her, Cupid every evening played hide and seek. . . . After that the artist famed for his 'Sketches,' a book of portraits of New York Society women, knew nothing of the rest of 'The Mimic World.' He waited only for visions of that wonderful back and the shining black hair and the lovely face that was part of its owner's bewitching personality."

"ON the opening night of a new production in New York, Mr. Strauss saw the back once more. It was a gipsy's back this time, swathed in black crepe de chine with the fringe of a shawl falling tantalizingly about its whiteness. . . After the play Mr. Strauss and his party went behind the scenes and were presented to the leading man. The leading man presented them to the leading woman, who presented them to Miss Faust. 'Pardon me, but may I tell you that you have been an inspiration to me? Your back has given me a new interest in life—I mean in art—in the life of art.'"

A PORTRAIT WITH A SENSATIONAL STORY: MISS LOTTA FAUST.

We give this illustration, together with a reproduction of the headlines of the page on which it appears in an American newspaper and some extracts from the article about it, that our readers may get an idea of the manner in which "stories" are worked by certain American papers of the more sensational kind. The "story" itself, briefly, is that the artist, Malcolm Strauss, who had named to a friend the back he believed to be the most beautiful in the world, was told that he was wrong, and was taken to see Miss Lotta Faust in a musical play. Then, according to the American descriptive writer, it happened thus:—"'There it is,' the whisper went round, light but perceptible as the wind that stirs the uppermost boughs of a forest tree. It was the same small emotional storm that always stirred an audience at this climax in the play. 'There it is—Lotta Faust's back.' . . . Malcolm Strauss roused himself from a semi-stupor of absorption. 'I think I have seen a perfect back.' 'It is the most beautiful back in the world,' his friend assured him. 'Or in heaven,' breathed the artist."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

The Censored Shaw. How amiably officials advertise those whom they hate! "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet" would not have made a sensation if the Irish authorities had not prohibited it and they had not been defied. Fancy making up your mind to forbid and then not having the courage to punish the disobedient! When presented the other evening by the Incorporated Stage Society the piece showed why the authorities "funked," but not why they forbade. Many people will think that some of the references to the first person of the Trinity are in bad taste. A few may regard them as shocking, even blasphemous; but they are not a bit worse than phrases often used in good faith by earnest preachers, and they cannot hurt anybody. The teaching of the play is undeniably moral: it is that wickedness is a "rotten game." "Blanco Posnet" is a vigorous, living play, exhibiting better craftsmanship than any other work of its author, and bubbling over with wild fun, yet containing some fine moments of pathos. It may be that the trial of Blanco for horse-stealing is to some extent a burlesque, though I think that, at the worst, the colour is merely a little too thick; but this does not matter, since the thing is plausible. For "G.B.S." has shown a mob really alive, has given us a bit of crowd psychology, and we know that he has had plenty of opportunity of studying that curious phenomenon. Fortunately, the Irish company from the National Theatre Society played their fellow-countryman's work superbly. Mr. Fred O'Donovan was Blanco Posnet—really was for the time being not a very attractive or agreeable person, but a picturesque, rough-hewn human creature. Miss Sara Allgood, in the awkward part of Miss Evans—otherwise Feemy, every man's Feemy on terms—acted with great energy and skill. Miss Maire O'Neill had not much to say or do as the woman for whom Blanco risked his life out of sudden pity; yet her pathetic performance lingers in the memory.



INIMITABLE: MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LITTLE MRS. CUMMIN, IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

The Patriot Play. There was also an admirable performance of "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," Mr. W. B. Yeats's beautiful little play concerning the young man led away from home and happiness by the strange old woman personifying Ireland. This is no novelty in London, but always welcome. Miss Sara Allgood presented the old woman very finely, using her voice with great skill. Miss Maire O'Neill was quietly humorous and very natural as the young man's mother. It is almost needless to add that this talented company was very amusing in Lady Gregory's clever little play, "The Workhouse Ward."

The Russian Hedda. Mme. Yaworskaia, whose Russian season at His Majesty's has been attracting much attention, had already shown herself, in "La Dame aux Camélias," to be an actress of exceptional quality, and it was interesting, therefore, to see how she would figure in "Hedda Gabler" A study of the map would suggest that the Russian temperament is akin to the Scandinavian, but this, apparently, is a fallacy German players who have appeared in this country have come considerably nearer to the Ibsenite ideal—that is, to the Hedda of Miss Elizabeth Robins—than Mme. Yaworskaia, who exhibits a vivacity and a warmth more Italian than Russian, and a restlessness which in its exaggeration seemed to be native of no country in the world. Yet her Hedda Gabler is fascinating in many ways. Its fault is an inability to suggest anything more than the ordinary boredom of a passionate, sensual woman with a husband who looked and behaved like George Tesman; Hedda should be bored by her own inner self quite as much as by her surroundings. The actress is one more instance of that curious rule that those who are brilliant in other things fail in Ibsen, while those who are brilliant in Ibsen often fail in other things.

A Grotesque. "The Lethal Chamber," at His Majesty's, translated by Mr. F. Whelen, is little more than a joke, a burlesque on horrors of "The Suicide Club" kind, and it is amusing; yet there is a thrill in it when the man who only pretended that he wished to commit suicide found himself in a trap and menaced by death. It was cleverly acted by Mr. Edward Sass and Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm.

"The Blue Bird." Those in search of happiness will get such part of it as pleasure gives in "The Blue Bird" at the Haymarket—the blue bird itself the symbol of happiness. For Mr. Trench has mounted Maeterlinck's famous fairy-tale delightfully, and secured an admirable company, which works together with an unselfishness that suggests the performances at the Court a little while ago. There is fun in it for the children—not, perhaps, quite enough in proportion to its original length—but then, I expect that this has been remedied by now; and there is pleasure of several kinds for the grown-up. Nor need the lazy-minded be frightened by the talk about the philosophy and poetry of the piece—they can enjoy it very well without bothering about that. For there are quaint humours, pretty dancers' ballets, and charming little pathetic passages. The children are wonderful. Time after time we see amazing child performers; Miss Olive Walter as Tyltyl tops them all—not a trace of parrot teaching about her or self-consciousness, but clever, intelligent, effective acting; and Miss Pauline Gilmer, as Mytyl, comes a good second. Mr. Ernest Hendrie delighted the house as Tylô, the dog, a humanised creature that probably will give a name to scores of English bow-wows. Tylette, the cat, was cleverly played by Mr. Norman Page. The elements were quaintly represented, and the dance by Mr. W. Vokes as Fire, and Miss Ina Pelly as Water, was fascinating. One might multiply names; Miss Saba Raleigh, superb as Night; Miss M. Murray, personification of motherhood as Mummy Tyl; Miss Enid Rose, charming as Light; Miss Carlotta Addison, an ideal old Fairy; and Messrs. C. V. France, Fisher White, Warburton, Hignett, and William Farren, all excellent. An admirable cast in a beautiful piece, exquisitely mounted, and embellished by delightful music from the pen of Mr. Norman O'Neill, who can ask for more—except more of "The Blue Bird"?



THE CHILDREN WHO GO IN SEARCH OF THE BLUE BIRD THAT LIVES IN THE LAND OF OUR DREAMS: MISS PAULINE GILMER AS MYTYL AND MISS OLIVE WALTER AS TYLTYL (THE BOY) IN "THE BLUE BIRD," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



OVER FIVE THOUSAND BUSHELS: APPLES FOR EXPORT ARRANGED IN PILES IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

Apples are so abundant in this district that it is not convenient to put them into baskets and barrels; they are arranged in heaps. Many orchards have railway sidings between the trees. Empty cars are moved along to the piles of apples, and the fruit is immediately put into them, with hay as packing. From Oregon apples are sent not only across America, but to many places abroad.—[*Photograph by Willey.*]



FOOTWEAR THAT WILL BE USED IN THE MAKING OF POTASH: A MILLION PAIRS OF OLD BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our photograph illustrates in a remarkable manner the turning to use of waste products. It shows a heap of about a million pairs of old boots and shoes destined to be used in the making of potash, an industry carried on on a large scale in America as well as in Russia. Potash is prepared by evaporating the lixivium (water impregnated with alkaline salts taken up from wood ashes) of wood ashes in iron pots.



A ROYAL CARRIAGE AND A MOST UNREGAL STEED: A MULE-CART BELONGING TO THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA.

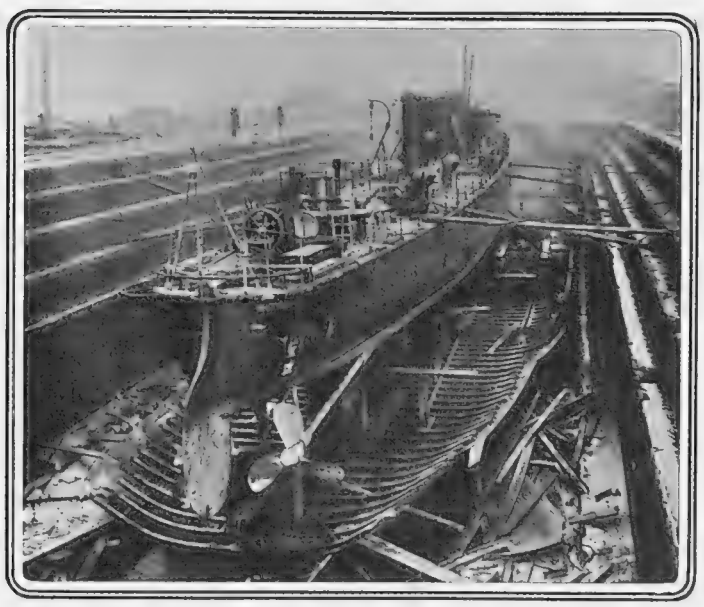
The photographs show the removal of the body of the late Empress Dowager of China from the Forbidden City to the Mausoleum at the Eastern Hills, which was built some time ago at a cost of about £12,000,000. It is said that no such pomp and circumstance has attended the burial of an Empress since that of the Empress Wu, in the year 700. Those concerned, however, were content with burning papier-maché figures, that their late ruler might have fitting retinue in the world beyond. The contemporaries of the Empress Wu were less fastidious, for, with her, hundreds of attendants were buried alive.—[*Photograph by W. Kuton.*]



A FUNERAL THAT COST £125,000: THE COFFIN OF THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA, BORNE BY 120 MEN.

The position the late Empress Dowager held in the estimation of the officials and the people of China may be judged by the cost of her funeral. The expenses of this amounted to at least one-and-a-quarter million taels, about £125,000, whereas those of the late Emperor of China totalled 459,940 taels, 2 mace, 3 candareens, and 6 li. So long as it was in the Forbidden City the bier on which the Imperial coffin was borne was carried by 84 bearers, as more could not have taken it through the city gates. Outside the walls it was placed on a larger bier, which was carried by 120 men.

Photograph by W. Kuton.



A WAR-VESSEL IN THE FRAMEWORK OF A STEAMER: THE TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYER "HORNET" AT THE THAMES SHIPBUILDING YARD, WHERE SHE HAS ARRIVED TO BE BROKEN UP.

Seldom indeed is a vessel seen resting on the shell of another vessel, yet such a sight is in evidence at the Thames Shipbuilding yard. When the torpedo-boat destroyer "Hornet" arrived there to be broken up, it was difficult to find room for her, so she was floated into a dock where lay a steamer almost dismantled. The water was let out, and the war-vessel was permitted to settle down on to the hulk of the steamer.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



AMONG THE WOODEN FIGURES OUT OF WHICH KING MANUEL PICKED THE MULES GIVEN TO MME. RÉJANE BY HIS FATHER: MM. "SEM" AND ROUBILLE WITH THEIR "TOUT PARIS IN THE AVENUE DU BOIS."

The great diorama, "Tout Paris in the Avenue du Bois," shows literally an avenue of wood, for both background and figures were cut in wood by the two artists. The King of Portugal, seeing it the other day, was much interested to note representations of the mules given to Mme. Réjane by his father. These mules, together with the figure of the famous actress herself, King Manuel is said to have taken back to Portugal with him.—[*Photograph by Branger.*]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MR. R. A. H. LEICESTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS FRANCES M. FURNEAUX TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Mr. Reginald Augustus Holdich Leicester, late of the Royal Dragoons, is a son of the late Rev. John Augustus Leicester, of Ithersay House, Idridgehay, Derby, and a nephew of Colonel Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.



MRS. R. A, H. LEICESTER (FORMERLY MISS FRANCES MARGARET FURNEAUX), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY.

Mrs. Leicester is a daughter of the late Ernest A. Furneaux, of Havre, and Mrs. Furneaux, of Rest Haven, Barton-on-Sea, and is a niece of the Dean of Winchester.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught's visit to Blankney Hall fell too early in the month to allow of their observing any of the elaborate Christmastide preparations now in full swing. The puddings, it is true, are already made, as in every well-regulated household; but the boar that is to be served whole still enjoys life, unconscious of his fate, and the mistletoe hangs in an adjacent forest. Lord and Lady Londesborough are of those who remain very punctilious in the manner of their Christmas-keeping.

Christmas Dinners. The *table d'hôte* Christmas dinner promises to be wonderfully popular again this year. The great hotels will not have a vacant place on the 24th and the 25th. Some people, however, since Christmas is no longer an affair of the hearth and the home, prefer to go to the Riviera to be entertained and amused. Lord and Lady Wenlock are to eat their turkey at St. Moritz. Sicily is the Christmas scene of Lord and Lady Waleran's choice, and the Duchess of Marlborough has taken her ailing son to San Raphael, an anxious rather than a joyous pilgrimage.



THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW IN A MIRACLE PLAY: MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH AS AUREA, SISTER OF ST. URSULA, IN "ST. URSULA'S PILGRIMAGE," AT THE COURT.

Photograph by Grahame, Ellerby, and Co.



ACCOMPANYING HER PARENTS TO CANADA: LADY EILEEN BUTLER.

Lady Eileen is the elder daughter of Lord Lanesborough, who has been appointed to Earl Grey's staff. She is eighteen, and only "came out" this year.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lord Lanesborough's Post. "Now, tell us about your furs?" is the query that the Countess of Lanesborough has constantly encountered while making her round of farewells. Certainly Ottawa sounds cold, and Government House suggests at least a draught or two, in December; but Lady Lanesborough, wrapped in her *Cloaca Maxima*, as another lady called her amplest ulster, starts for Canada with her husband in admirable spirits. Earl Grey's new military secretary kept his forty-fourth birthday on Sunday, and he, too, makes the best of a good appointment—that would be better, of course, if it were not on the other side of the Atlantic.

A Spelling Lesson. Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, the entertainers of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Brocket Hall, near Hatfield, are householders also in Carlton House Terrace and Quebec. Canada and its railways provide Lord Mount Stephen with his most vital interests, as well as with his name; a name, by the way, that should not be written, as a contemporary writes it, in one word. "If they don't bring the Mount to Stephen, they take Stephen to the Mount," as he himself complains. Correspondents of guests at Brocket may be obliged by the hint.

Names and Aims. Lord Mount Stephen is a man of many aspirations, and "Mount Stephen," as an injunction, might well be the adopted family motto. Other names preach pretty little sermons at their owners. It is said that Dr. Stabb took to the art of healing in alarm at the fierce sound of his patronymic; and Mrs. McCormick Goodhart is constantly obedient to the kindly sound of her husband's surname. Her house in Eaton Square made a very successful setting for the sale opened last week by Princess Christian, who likewise has a perpetual incentive upon her visiting-card. The Noble family is extensive, and, one hopes, well designated. One member of the clan has, indeed, put upon his notepaper the pretty epigram: "As in name, so in aim."



TO ACCOMPANY HER PARENTS TO BUCHAREST: MISS MILDRED RIDGELY CARTER.

Mr. Ridgely Carter, whose loss London deplores, has been appointed to Bucharest, to act, as Mr. Whitelaw Reid has said, as "American Minister to the Balkan States."

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A DANCE IN "ST. URSULA'S PILGRIMAGE": MISS FRANCES TENNANT, LADY VIOLET MANNERS (CENTRE), AND MISS BARBARA JEKYLL.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's miracle play, "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage," was given at the Court the other day with a cast of prominent Society people. The play is in five pictures, which illustrate the famous paintings by Carpaccio in the Royal Academy in Venice.—[*Photograph by Grahame, Ellerby, and Co.*]

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BOGEY: THE WHIP OF DAMOCLEA.



BOARD OF TRADE AND BORED OF SUFFRAGETTES: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS WIFE (WITH THE SUFFRAGETTES' "CHIEF WHIP" IN WAITING).

As we remarked about Mr. Balfour in our last issue, when we showed Mr. Balfour playing golf under the shadow of Mr. Lloyd-George, we do not think it likely that Mr. Winston Churchill is much haunted when on his walks by thoughts of Suffragettes. Were he to be so, however, it may be presumed that the whip of Damoclea would take the form of Miss Teresa Garnett. Mr. Churchill's little hat, which has aroused much interest and comment, should be noted.

SMALL TALK



MR. ARTHUR HEATHCOTE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARGARET BROKE ON THE 18TH.

Mr. Heathcote is the second son of Mr. J. M. Heathcote, of Conington Castle, Peterborough.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS MARGARET BROKE, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR HEATHCOTE ON THE 18TH.

Miss Broke lives at Gladwyns, Harlow, Essex.

Photograph by Kate Pragnel..

PRINCE Leopold of Battenberg has been ill, not in "a palace in a garden," as Disraeli called Kensington Palace, but in Hinde Street, a modest thoroughfare, east of Manchester Square. He has been so well tended in his nursing-home that he goes from Hinde Street to Hindhead looking almost better than he did before he fell ill. It is not generally remembered that, once on a time, Whistler, professing to be weary of the gentlefolk who visited his studio, engaged a room in Hinde Street. There he thought people would go to see and to buy his pictures; but they did not. They preferred to go to his studio and see the Master — at least, when he came to the door to say he was not at home.



MARRIED TO MR. LESTER REID, OF THE IRISH GUARDS, YESTERDAY (THE 14TH): MISS MOLLIE FERGUSSON.

Mrs. Lester Reid, whose marriage took place yesterday, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fergus Fergus on, of 109, Eaton Place. Mr. Reid is the eldest son of the late Mr. Percy T. Reid, and of Mrs. Reid, of Mill Hall, Cuckfield, Sussex.

Photograph by Shadwell Clerke



MISS STELLA COTTON, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN GORDON M. JERVIS ON THE 16TH.

Miss Cotton is the youngest daughter of the late Rowland Hugh Cotton, of Etwall Hall, Derbyshire. The wedding reception is to be given by her sister, Lady Broughton.

Photograph by Kate Pragnel..

The Importance of Being Erne.

The Earl of Erne, though once a Conservative Whip himself, is, at the age of seventy, capable of pigeon-holing and forgetting an ordinary summons to Westminster. But he did leave Crom Castle for the Lansdowne event, and the Countess of Erne came with him. She is the aunt of Lady Delamere, to whose marriage a romance has always attached. Lord Delamere was first seen by his future wife lying helpless in a farmhouse after he had been thrown from his horse. She pitied, nursed, and married him. That is better than Finance, even if it is fiction.

Appeals to the Heart.

The Hon. Mrs. Tollemache appeals for twelve more ladies who will give one morning a week to visit the poor in Chelsea. Two hardships the twelve must know they will encounter — the indescribably close atmosphere in which the poor, and especially the aged poor, prefer to live, and the incessant recitals of unpleasant symptoms. Sometimes, however, these symptoms are not, after all, so very distressing. "Yes, M'm, I'm told it's me 'eart," said one of the visited dames lately; "day and night, *it never stops beating.*"

The Sitting-Room as Sitter.

There is a new hobby for the hearth! Weary of portraits of themselves and their pets, the "patrons" now demand from the painter the picture of the rooms they live in. Mr. Sargent is partly responsible for the fashion, for he has shown that a cushion in paint can be as charming as the elbow that dents it, and that a vase has often as pretty a surface on canvas as a cheek. And now that brilliant artist M. Jacques Blanche quite frankly labels a picture at the "New English," as "Room at 30, Old Burlington Street"; and the room reappears in another frame in the same exhibition. It is a room seldom as empty as (obedient to the new hobby) the French portrait-painter saw it; for it is the drawing-room of one of the most popular of London hostesses.



TO BE MARRIED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM EAGLESON GORDON, V.C., TO-MORROW (THURSDAY): MISS DAISY BLAIR.

Colonel Gordon was appointed to the Gordon Highlanders in 1888. He served with the Chitral Relief Expedition, during which he was present at the storming of Malakand Pass; with the Tirah Expeditionary Force; and, as Adjutant of the First Battalion Gordon Highlanders, throughout the South African campaign. He was dangerously wounded at Magersfontein, was mentioned in despatches, and won the V.C.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Savouries and Poltimore.

There are many ways of spending money at Christmas, and they do not all make for happiness. Lord Poltimore, however, must be considered to have bought his share of cheer with the cheque for £300 he has despatched to the fund to provide dinners for the poor of Exeter on the great day. There are others who will have smarter guests, to partake of more delicate fare; but when Lord Poltimore sits at the family table at Poltimore Park, it may well groan, and groan very cheerfully and cheeringly, with the imagination of the six thousand meals that are the equivalent of the six thousand Poltimore shillings.



CAPTAIN GORDON M. JERVIS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS STELLA COTTON ON THE 16TH.

Captain Gordon Mainwaring Jervis, R.F.A., is a son of Colonel Jervis, late Royal Artillery. The wedding is to take place at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.

Photograph by Kate Pragnel..

Plymouth Brethren.

The Earl of Plymouth presides at a dinner to-morrow at the Trocadero, the guest of the evening being Professor Holmes, the newly appointed Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery. President and guest have many things in common. Both have pictures on view in London at the moment, the Earl of Plymouth's being by Raphael, and Mr. Holmes's by Mr. Holmes, who is himself a skilled painter. Moreover, both have written a book on Constable, both will speak to-morrow night, and the subject in common will be Mr. Holmes.

The Caledon Car.

The Earl of Caledon, who has a light-hearted way with a police-court summons, has had many more adventures than those recently associated with "the family car." At Eton, Caledon—he succeeded to the title when he was thirteen—was known for one of the less meek spirits; and his daring served him well—and served several other boys well too, whom he saved from death in the disastrous Eton fire.

RIGHT DRESS: SKIERS' SKIRTS.



FOR WEAR WHEN SHE SKIS: THE NEW SKIRT OR NO-SKIRT COSTUME FOR A POPULAR WINTER SPORT.

There are times when the woman who indulges in winter sports, and in ski-ing especially, finds that a skirt hampers her considerably. Hence the provision of this costume, the skirt of which can be removed at will.

Photographs by A. Scherl.

AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

"Constitution or Destitution!"

The crisis through which we are passing must recall to veterans on the Continent the excitements of '48, a year of stern realities which was not without its humours. The passion for liberty and equality swept over one little German State where a certain Prince reigned over about as many people as form the population of a town the size of Luton. It was a very paternal form of government which obtained. The people paid no taxes, were free of conscription, had free schools, free doctors, free medicine, free law, free wood, free pastures. It was feudalism in its most benevolent aspect. But no one feared to speak in '48. They rose and demanded "Constitution or Destitution." They would have liberal institutions. They would govern themselves as if they were men, not automata. The Prince was angry, but his people threatened to break the palace windows if he did not consent. They placarded the town and the very palace itself, and matters became quite serious.

A Successful Abdication.

"Very well," said the Prince, calling his Ministers about him. "I am going to abdicate. I am going to my estates in Bohemia. I shall leave the palace in the morning, and you won't see me again. Those of you who wish to retire I shall pension. Those who prefer to go with the new Government will look to your new masters for pay, for I daresay, seeing that the country is rich and the expenses light, they can afford to pay for the luxury of a Government. Pack and pay; I'm off." The message ran like fire through the city. The revolutionaries shuddered at the thought of having to pay for education, for government, for doctors, and pasturage, and all that freedom entailed. Half-a-dozen stalwarts led the reaction by booting over the frontier the leaders of the agitation. Others spent the night diligently scouring the walls of the revolutionary posters. In the morning the Prince found his people penitent and supplicatory. He unpacked his goods and settled down again, and the old régime was continued as before. The version given here is German. We must not forget, however, that Bismarck furnished a different version of the system of government in these German principalities.



PRESENTED TO MR. TAFT FOR THANKSGIVING DAY: THE LARGEST TURKEY IN AMERICA.

Many American families found Thanksgiving Day a most expensive affair this year, for turkey was at 1s. 4d. a pound—the highest price within the memory of this generation. Mr. Taft, however, had not to worry himself about expense, for his turkey was given to him.

To Which Mecca?

A Scottish newspaper takes time by the forelock with a vengeance, and has been indulging in a hearty grumble because the country did not on Nov. 29 celebrate the centenary of Gladstone's birth. Luckily for the rest of us, a few people happen to know that Gladstone was born on Dec. 29. We may confidently expect that our brethren across the border will claim the G.O.M. as one of their own countrymen, for to many of them the hero of the Midlothian Campaign was a Scot of the Scots. Let not their misplaced faith be derided; the members of the statesman's family seem to share their belief; for the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, a son of the great man, wrote to Glasgow admirers of his father, "It is a great satisfaction to know that Mr. Gladstone's memory is being thus perpetuated [by the erection of a memorial in Glasgow] in the land of his birth, which he loved so well." Which is very nice, of course. But, stands Scotland where she did, or was she once in Liverpool?—for Gladstone himself recorded, "I was born on Dec. 29, 1809, at 62, Rodney Street, Liverpool."

Suggestion in Art.

Members of our Royal Society of British Artists are discussing this afternoon, under the direction of Dr. Bernard Hollander, "The Influence of Suggestion on Character." What part does suggestion play in determining the work of artists? What influence can have been operative, for instance, in the case of Jean Béraud when he painted his sensational series of Scriptural pictures? The anachronisms of the mediæval school are a laughing-stock to this day, yet Béraud makes the wildest mixture of the ancient and modern in his "Mary Magdalene at the house of Simon the Pharisee." The central figure is garbed according to tradition, but Mary is in a Parisian ballroom gown, while the diners are in faultless evening dress of our own period. To crown all, the guests are undisguised portraits of the chiefs of Paris literary and Society circles.



ONE OF THE GREATEST TRIALS OF A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR: A FIFTY-POUND MINCE-PIE SENT TO MR. TAFT FOR THANKSGIVING DAY, COMPARED WITH AN ORDINARY PIE.

This great mince-pie was sent to President Taft and his family by the bakers of New York, and must have been a sore trial to them if they did their duty and ate it all, excellent though it was. The President also received the biggest opossum (weighing 26 lb.) that had ever left Georgia. The responsibility for this he shifted in part to his military aide-de-camp. It may be noted that the American newspapers' pious hopes that the President would survive the Gargantuan repast he was supposed to take have been realised.

A Toast.

Here is a toast which may prove acceptable at the present time to gentlemen of the Opposition who, following distinguished precedent, may wish to be liberal at least with expletives. The toast was given at a dinner to another Opposition, which, like the Government then resigning, was going to the country to show how only by defeating the other side and placing their opponents in office could the nation possibly be saved. To get the hang of the toast let it be added that the occasion was a whitebait dinner. And the toast was: "May they continue their flounders, may we get their plaices, and——their soles." Lord Milner, or some other member of the assembly which he adorns, will have no difficulty in filling in the blanks.

THE LABORIOUS SIDE OF SKI-ING: THE HERRING-BONE STEP,

AND OTHER WAYS OF CLIMBING ON SKIS.









1. THE HALF-HERRING-BONE STEP FOR CLIMBING ON SKIS.

2. THE "CRAB" STEP — CLIMBING SIDEWAYS.

3. THE STAIR STEP, FOR VERY STEEP SLOPES.

4. THE HERRING-BONE STEP.

The delights of a flight downwards on skis are great. The delights of climbing on skis are less evident. Nevertheless, the skier can ascend steep slopes on skis without being over-exhausted, provided always that he knows the right way to set about the work. A single stick is of no use, and must be replaced by one in each hand. When the slope is very steep, and cannot be climbed straight, the stair step comes into use.—[*Photographs by A. Scherl.*]

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

The Gravedigger's Overtime.

Mr. Henry Morrell, who has for some time been doing admirable work at His Majesty's Theatre, is a young actor who may be described as something of an anomaly in that he is a Bensonian who has never acted with Mr. Benson. He was in one of Mr. Benson's travelling companies, in which he, of course, played many parts. On one occasion he was cast for the Second Gravedigger in "Hamlet," which was to be performed in a small Scotch town. The Second Gravedigger, with Mr. Benson, is always discovered at work in the grave, and the First Gravedigger, enters to him. On the night in question, when the curtain went up, Mr. Morrell was duly in his place, but the First Gravedigger was not at hand. Mr. Morrell saw that he would have to fill up the necessary stage wait by "business." He therefore began to dig. Unfortunately, however, as he looked into the grave he noticed that they had given him a little box containing only a small quantity of earth—far less even than the First Gravedigger would need for his part of the scene. He therefore resolved to go very gingerly to work. He plied his pickaxe—a very large pickaxe—for a moment or two, then he took up the shovel—a very large shovel—and apparently picking up a large spadeful of earth, he carefully deposited about enough earth on the side of the grave to fill the pill-box which Lord Dundreary's brother Sam sent to him. Then he returned to the pickaxe, naturally expecting that the First Gravedigger would appear. He did not, and the same business had to be gone through again and again. Suddenly, from the gallery, a voice rang out: "Eh, mon, do they pay you for overtime?" and the audience, which had been highly amused at the young actor's efforts, burst into a roar of laughter.



PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME SEASON: DANCERS RESTING AFTER AN OPEN-AIR REHEARSAL.

Photograph by C. Hollana.

Politeness That Wasn't Appreciated.

To those who really love children, there is nothing more delightful than their naïve imperturbability or the unexpectedness of their gift for making awkward situations which are intensely humorous to those who do not participate in them. Little Burford Hampden, who has been playing Karl in "Beethoven," and is to play the Herald in "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's, was once the hero of a situation which would certainly not bear repetition. His father being an actor—who, by the way, has just completed an engagement of two years and a half with Mr. Cyril Maude—and his mother having an enviable reputation as an opera-singer in America, he has naturally been accustomed to the stage since he was quite a little chap. Indeed, he made his first appearance in America, in a play called "Way Down East," before he could talk. On one occasion, however, when he had acquired the use of his tongue, he was taken to the theatre by his father. During the performance, he left the dressing-room and toddled off to the wings. Presently, he noticed the leading lady, whom he had not previously seen that evening, on the stage. She was playing one of her strongest and most moving scenes with the leading man. Young Burford, however, did not heed that fact. He only noticed a friend to whom he had not paid his customary salutation; so, calmly oblivious of the audience in front or the play which was going on, he walked unabashed on to the stage, and, holding out his hand, said in his most affable tone of voice, "How are you, Miss Fairchild?" The audience roared with laughter, in which Miss Fairchild and her companion on the stage heartily joined, and during the round of applause which came from the front of the house the little man was duly escorted to the wings and put off the stage. It may be doubted, however, whether the scene quite recovered from that unexpected act of politeness.



TO APPEAR WITH THE FIRST AEROPLANING ALADDIN: MISS SIMETA MARSDEN, WHO IS TO PLAY PEKOE IN THE LYCEUM THEATRE PANTOMIME.

The forthcoming pantomime at the Lyceum is to be distinguished not only by an excellent cast, but by a great aeroplane scene. In this a number of "Blériots" will be seen in full flight, and various novel effects and evolutions are promised. The aeroplanes in question will be faithful models of the machine that crossed the Channel.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Keeping the Wolf from the Tent.

Probably few actors have been put into quarantine ashore. Among the few is Mr. Akerman May, now of the Shaftesbury Theatre, and at the time of the incident a member of a company playing "Carmen Up to Data" on the Continent. They were going from Buda-Pesth to Bucharest at a time when cholera was prevalent in the country. For a fortnight the company had to remain under canvas in a picturesque spot on the banks of the Danube under the shadow of the Carpathian mountains. In order to prevent the possibility of infection, strict orders were given that the people in the quarantine station should not drink water. Coffee, however, was not obtainable after breakfast, and as Mr. Akerman May has all his life been a teetotaler, he found himself compelled to drink the wine of the country in order to get any fluid at all. He took the minimum quantity he could, but after dinner and supper he always became a trifle peculiar, and then his comrades used to declare that he was decidedly "the worse for wear." The situation had a distinctly humorous side, for, drowsy though Mr. May became, he had the greatest difficulty in going to sleep. From the mountains wolves used to stray to the actor's tent, and as he lay awake Mr. May used to see the gaunt grey beasts prowling about, and even enter the tents and sniff about the men who were lying sleeping on the ground. Then he would clap his hands and make other noises to scare them off. In the morning, however, when he would relate his experiences, his friends would simply smile and declare that the wolves he had seen were quite imaginary ones, "the children of an idle brain, begotten of mere fantasy," as Mercutio says, plus Roumanian wine. It was a base libel, but it was a good joke.

Science Jottings — By "Dr." W. Heath Robinson (D— L—).



V.—PRECIPITATING CHALK ON DOVER CLIFFS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

An Old Question. So the old question of the repression of "improper books" is again to the front. It is not one I care to discuss at any great length, but since I am a literary person, and have this place to express myself in for the moment, I cannot let the occasion go by without endorsing, as emphatically as I may, Mr. Edmund Gosse's letter to the *Times* on the subject. I do not dispute the right of the librarians to put their ban on books they think morally objectionable, provided that their subscribers are allowed clearly to understand under what conditions they pay their money. If I, before I pay my guinea, or whatever it may be, to a library, am given clearly to understand that I cannot get from it such books as a committee of librarians think bad for my morals, I have no grievance when, having paid my guinea, I am refused this or that book. For my own part, I should think it an absurd proceeding if I were refused a book which had not been successfully prosecuted by the police or withdrawn from publication under other pressure, and I certainly should not subscribe to a library I knew might treat me in that way. (It happens that my library is "thrown in" with my daily paper, which I should subscribe to in any case, so the difficulty will not arise with me.) I should not think I had a grievance, however, if, having been warned, I continued to subscribe. I should think it merely one of the inconveniences of living in a country which is unwisely preoccupied with the minor moralities, and in which an extremely exaggerated opinion is held as to the effect of written matter on character and actions. I do not believe for a moment that any person approaching the normal goes forthwith and indulges in reprehensible conduct because he or she has seen it extolled or sympathised with in a book: our nature is moved by stronger and less obvious springs than this. And if there are young people so morbidly excitable as this, they should not be allowed to range at will over library books: their parents and guardians should supervise their reading—or perhaps it would save trouble if they were sent at once to a lunatic asylum: they would probably end in one.



THE GREAT UNSKILLED.

Slippery Jim (*who is a new hand at poaching, and has not yet discovered that a rabbit-warren may have an exit as well as an entrance*): Well, he 's got to come out some time; and then I'll have him.

Drawn by Hawley Morgan.

The Real Point. I do not dispute, however, the right of the libraries. The real point is whether or no their action is for the public interest. I assume they intend it to be so, and I disregard a suggestion I have seen that they are acting for commercial reasons. The suggestion was that vicious books are shorter and cost more than virtuous ones, and are therefore comparatively unprofitable to the libraries—but that seems to me far-fetched. Well, then, here I am entirely with Mr. Gosse and against Mr. Murray, who replied to him. Mr. Murray says, "It is better that the sale of scandalous works should be checked, even if this involves the occasional exclusion from the circulating libraries of a few works which 'promote the advance of thought in a vigorous and startling manner.'" Even if I did not hold as strongly as I do my opinion that the effect of vicious books is exaggerated, I should still say that it was better fifty such books were in circulation than that one book which really promoted the advance of thought should be stopped. Mr. Murray thinks that such a book as Darwin's "The Origin of Species," which Mr. Gosse instanced, would be quite safe from the censoring committee of librarians. I do not think so; the book is accepted now as a part of our common knowledge, and it is difficult, without a strong effort of imagination, to grasp the effect of it when it was new. But let Mr. Murray make that effort and imagine a new book which had the same upsetting effect, and was denounced fiercely in every pulpit, and almost every newspaper, and wherever good orthodox citizens got together; does he really think the committee of librarians would not be frightened? I am sure they would be, even if the book, like "The Origin of Species," were published by his own eminent firm. No doubt he is right in saying that they could not prevent the publication and sale of a book. They could not prevent it absolutely; but what publisher would not shy at a book which was likely to be excluded from the libraries? No, the idea is retrograde and dangerous, and I trust it will be given up.

Children's Books. The papers seem to be full of Christmas books for children, with specimens of their illustrations. For children: I suppose they really are for children, but I often wonder how far children appreciate them. I should like the point to be determined, if it were possible, for it is a fancy of mine that older people like these books genuinely, but that children take only a perfunctory interest in them. This fancy is based on the fact that the children's books are mostly about children; and that when I was a child I—and all the other children, I remember then—emphatically preferred books about adults. It is not easy to discover their preference when one is grown up, because everyone gives them these books, and they wish to be polite—if they are nice children, and I refuse to know any others. I am sure that the contemporary idea which children are encouraged to have about themselves—namely, that they are wonderful and interesting beings, and that it is very dull and unimportant to be grown up—runs counter to the natural instinct of a child, which is to wish it were grown up too, and to take an immense interest in the doings and sayings of *us*. It is natural for us to think it wonderful to be a child; it is not natural to the child. Consequently, books which rather sentimentally glorify the state of childhood are more likely to appeal to us than to them. I won't dogmatise about the matter, but that is my fancy.

N. O. I.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

"MR. X, GROCER."

By EDWARD CECIL.

THE valley of Llyn Mawr lies high up in the very heart of the mountains of North Wales, and a year ago it was remote and wild. A few shepherds were familiar with its paths, and some men who had shot over it might have recognised it had they again found themselves in the midst of its solitude. For it was an excellent grouse-moor.

But, apart from the shepherds and the sportsmen, the valley was unknown to the world till Duncan Hughes bought it, and soon after sold it at great profit to his native town, which thus became possessed of a site for as fine a reservoir for its water-supply as any town could desire.

After that everyone in the great industrial town of Bremchester began to talk about Llyn Mawr, or, as they pronounced it, Lin Marr.

It was somewhere on the Welsh mountains, near Snowdon, they informed each other, and twelve miles, as the crow flies, from the nearest railway. Llyn Mawr meant the Great Tarn, they continued; and added, with a laugh, that there would soon be a greater tarn there. "For all that wants doing," they explained, "is to build a dam across the lower end of the valley."

That done, the mountain tarn would spread out and deepen, and Bremchester would possess, there in the pure mountain air and the unbroken solitude, a reservoir of water of which it might be proud.

"I guessed Duncan Hughes had something up his sleeve when he bought that grouse-moor," said a rival solicitor, "for I never before knew he was a sportsman. I doubt whether he could hit a running rabbit, much less a grouse."

And the story of Duncan Hughes' smartness became the talk of Bremchester.

. . . . . .

A year ago the Llyn Mawr Valley knew solitude; two years hence it will know solitude again, though most of the valley will then lie beneath the surface of the great reservoir. But in the meantime it knows a busy life.

Near the lower end a mushroom village has sprung up, row after row of roomy corrugated-iron cottages, each standing in its own little plot, each, bungalow-like, consisting only of a ground floor. There is also a canteen, a mission-room, and a provision-stores, and over the door of the latter a roughly painted signboard displays the legend—"Mr. X, Grocer."

It still displays it, though the provision-stores is now empty, and Mr. X no longer stands behind the counter, now clothed in dust and cobwebs.

Strange men have come to that mushroom village; for not all who work on the dam are navvies, picked men who pass all their lives in settlements such as the Llyn Mawr village, set down wherever a work such as the Dam may be on foot. To many men who have tried other things and failed, the Llyn Mawr Dam has brought work. For the time being it has also brought them health and prosperity. The mountain air brings one, and the absence of opportunity of spending money the other.

But of all who came with the first batch of workers to the valley, no man thrived better than Mr. X.

He came there lean and haggard. Within a month he was putting flesh upon his tall, spare body. He began business with a small stock. He carried it on after three months with a stock twice the size. Above all, he set foot there a man who slept badly at nights, who never did anything without looking carefully to right and to left before doing it, and was always the prey of his anxiety and caution, and he was, after three months, a prosperous tradesman and a man who slept soundly and peacefully. In moments of leisure he would stand in his doorway under his strange sign and look down on the busy work in progress at the valley mouth—and bless it. He grew more and more fond of watching it. The deep foundations, the busy quarry, the workshops, the ever-active little engines, puffing along the temporary lines of rails, here dragging trucks of earth away, there dragging blocks of stone to be cemented together into those giant foundations—all these things gave him pleasure. And when, at last, the two arms of the dam began to appear, one on each side of the valley, and, very slowly, but strongly and firmly, began to grow towards each other, Mr. X expressed a hope.

"I hope it may be long before they meet," he observed to a customer.

"Yes," replied the other, "I daresay you are doing well here."

"Not badly," said Mr. X, presenting a cake to the child with the woman—"not badly."

But it was not merely because of the prosperity he had gained that he expressed the hope. The Valley of Llyn Mawr had brought him—Peace.

. . . . . .

Then suddenly there came an end to that spell of tranquillity in the life of that strange man who called himself "Mr. X." It came in an extraordinary manner.

Jack Carstairs marked his advent to Llyn Mawr by bringing his dwelling-house with him. He established it opposite Mr. X's shop. The open space there suited him, he explained, as it was near the drawing-office, in which he had been given a job, and from the night of his arrival his intimacy with Mr. X began.

"I hope my dwelling does not spoil your view, Mr. X," he said, with his charming smile, on the morning when the dwelling was being put into position.

Mr. X paused before he answered. He was looking at the dwelling very intently.

"If you put it a little lower, to the left," he said, "it would not impede my view at all."

"Why, certainly," said Carstairs, and gave the order to the men accordingly.

He was a little surprised that Mr. X, the man running the provision-stores in that navvy settlement, spoke with the words and voice of an educated man. But he had knocked about the world a good deal, and his surprise was only a passing comment.

"So much the better," he thought. "I shall want someone to talk to in this place."

Mr. X had come nearer.

"Where did you get that railway carriage?" he asked.

"I picked it up cheap in Birmingham when I heard I had got the job here. Not a bad ready-made bungalow for a bachelor, is it?"

Mr. X laughed.

"Rather an unusual one," he observed.

"Look at this first-class smoking compartment," Carstairs went on. "What better living-room can a man want here in the wilds?"

He opened the door.

Mr. X, however, drew back.

"No ticket-collector handy, and a non-stop run—well, to anywhere. Jump in," Carstairs invited with a laugh.

Mr. X did not seem to hear him. He was staring into the interior of the compartment.

"Hasn't the man ever seen a railway carriage before?" thought the newcomer.

"You got it in Birmingham?" Mr. X asked.

"Yes, for a mere song. Here!" he shouted to one of the men, "more over to the left with those stones."

[*Continued overleaf.*

He turned to Mr. X, but the grocer had gone back into his shop.

"A bit abrupt," thought Carstairs.

. . . . . .

Carstairs' first-class carriage became well known in the Llyn Mawr Settlement amongst the engineers, the clerks in the drawing-office, and all and sundry whom Carstairs invited to it. But Mr. X, the grocer, who was invited there as often as anyone, never sat in it for long at a time. Carstairs gained the impression that he was one of those men who are constitutionally restless. The impression of his restlessness was the second thing which attracted Carstairs' notice about Mr. X. The first, of course, was his name.

"Why do you call yourself Mr. X?" he asked, before he had known him a week. The very obviousness of the disguise provoked and excused the question.

"If you had come down in the world you wouldn't care about seeing your name on a signboard, would you?" was the prompt answer he received. It might have been thought out beforehand.

As Carstairs had been to Oxford and had drifted from one thing to another and done little good, this reply was not without its point.

He laughed and admitted it. But it set him thinking. The grocer was altogether unusual. Why was he at Llyn Mawr? What was a well-educated man doing keeping a provision-stores? Why did he give that impression of restlessness, almost of being a man ill at ease with himself and his fellow-men?

These questions piqued Carstairs' curiosity. The only way to solve them was to cultivate the grocer's acquaintance. And from that acquaintance Mr. X could not escape.

Weeks passed, month was added to month, summer gave place to autumn. People noticed that Mr. X was losing flesh instead of gaining it. Carstairs made no secret about his being interested in his neighbour. The two giant arms of the dam grew larger, and gradually, now in this way from some slight indication, now in that from some natural inference, two things grew stronger — the conviction in Carstairs' mind that he knew why Mr. X was there in the Llyn Mawr Settlement; and the fear slowly gripping Mr. X's heart that his too-friendly neighbour guessed the truth. That fear worked its remorseless way day by day, week by week. It was all the more powerful for the almost supernatural coincidence which had terrified the grocer from the moment of Carstairs' coming. Thus time passed till the coming of the climax on the night of the last day in October and the first November dawn.

. . . . . .

At last Mr. X was accepting Carstairs' hospitality for more than five or ten minutes at a time. He sat in a corner of the first-class compartment, well back, his legs crossed, a whisky-and-soda on the window-ledge at his elbow—and he had been sitting there for more than two hours. It was terribly real, that railway-carriage, especially at night, when the blinds were down and nothing familiar could be seen by looking out of the windows. Nothing had been altered. The cushioned seats, the arm-rests, the racks and the advertisement of the railway company's hotels, all remained, and the drawn green blinds made the sense of railway travelling complete. One could almost feel the motion of the train. . .

The silence around was unbroken, for it was past midnight. There were no clocks to mark the intervals of time as the night passed, no policemen's footsteps, no sounds at all—just the mountain solitude for miles around. And in the midst of that quietness the settlement was asleep and still. The tireless, active little engines, which all day long puffed and shrieked about their work, now stood silent in the shadows; and cranes, bogie-trucks, and drills were wrapped in the same stillness. For a few hours the giant arms of the dam reposed.

Shelford, one of the engineers, had noticed Carstairs' light as he turned in for the night. It was then late. But there was nothing surprising in that.

"What a reader the man is!" Shelford reflected, and pictured Carstairs sitting in luxurious comfort in his corner and smoking through the ounce of tobacco he was popularly supposed to consume every night as he read on into the perfect stillness of the small hours.

Yet long after Shelford was wrapped in that deep, health-giving sleep which the mountain air brought to so many who came to Llyn Mawr, the light burned on.

Mr. X had confessed that he was Edgar Brownlow, and Carstairs was quite familiar with that name. The secret was stripped bare, and the duel between the two men sitting there together, surrounded by the silence and free from interruption, was over. The one now knew all that he had long guessed; the other felt the satisfaction which comes when confession has been made and the strain of concealing a thing is past.

"Yes, I've guessed for some time," said Carstairs. "That time, you know, when there was the accident with the concrete blocks and you came running down to the scene, you carried a stethoscope in your pocket. I saw it. I suppose a sort of instinct had made you bring it. But it showed me you had been a medical student. And that was a detail, a link. Terribly careless of you—that stethoscope. You should have thought of the clue it might give. What should a grocer be doing with a stethoscope?"

Mr. X smiled. He was interested in hearing how Carstairs had come to know.

"That was nothing in itself," he remarked.

"No, but in conjunction with your dislike of this railway carriage it meant something."

Mr. X leaned forward suddenly and touched Carstairs' knee.

"Come," he said, "I want you to tell me something. Do you believe in what they call the supernatural? If you don't, how do you explain your bringing this carriage here and setting it up just opposite my door. It's more than a coincidence."

His eyes were very eager. It was plain that he had lain awake at nights battling with the question. It had haunted him.

Carstairs weighed his words before answering.

"Yes," he said at last. "I know what you mean. I believe in it. For it's always so, isn't it? You can't cover up a murder. There is always the body to get rid of. How many try and fail! Or, if not that, there is always something associated with the crime, as in your case. Yes, I think the simplest explanation is to believe in God."

Edgar Brownlow shivered. The terrible, supernatural coincidence oppressed him beyond anything he could express in words—that the very railway carriage in which he had murdered Ruth Lee, after being taken out of use for the investigations and left for a time, perhaps shunned, perhaps forgotten, had been sold cheap, bought by this stranger Carstairs, who amused himself by taking an amateur detective's interest in all the crimes which found their way into the newspapers, and set down before his very door.

"Yes, perhaps it is simplest to believe in God," he said, getting up. "What does that mean to me?"

Carstairs could not answer.

The silence grew intolerable.

"Well, I must be turning in," said Mr. X, stretching himself to the full limit of his gaunt height and trying to yawn "Good-night."

He held out his hand.

But Carstairs did not take it. After all, it was a murderer's hand, and a murderer is cut off from his fellow-men, left alone with his God. Carstairs was not squeamish, but he did not feel called upon to interfere with what is, after all, the accepted standpoint.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. X.

"We'll think it over for a few days, if you'll promise not to run away."

"No, I'll not do that."

"Very well," said Carstairs.

"Word of honour of a murderer," Mr. X observed, with a ghastly smile, as he opened the door and went out into the silent night.

. . . . . .

Nevertheless, if not in the literal sense of the words, yet in a very true sense, Mr. X did run away.

One morning the shutters were not taken down, and the door of the provision-stores was not opened. When it was forced open, some time about midday, the cause was at once evident. Mr. X seemed to be standing erect in the centre of his shop. He was really hanging from the cross-beam, his long, gaunt body stretched to its full height, grim and silent, his feet not a foot from the ground, the biscuit-box on which he had stood and which he had kicked away telling its own tale. It seened as if, having been given the chance to die in his own way, he had chosen to do so.

Nobody could understand why a man who was doing so well as Mr. X undoubtedly was should commit suicide. Eventually the reason remained undiscovered; another provision-store was opened elsewhere, and in a community of people living in cheaply erected and temporary dwellings, the stores remained untenanted.

But one night, Shelford, the engineer, asked Carstairs if he knew anything more than came to light at the inquest. Carstairs admitted that he did. He knew Mr. X's real name. It was Edgar Brownlow.

"I am no wiser," said Shelford.

"Don't you remember the Birmingham murder?"

"Only dimly."

"Well, a shop-girl, Ruth Lee, was murdered in a first-class railway compartment on one of the late trains on a branch line outside Birmingham. It was pretty certain that the murderer was a medical student named Edgar Brownlow. But he could not be found and was never arrested."

"And he was Mr. X?"

"Yes."

"How did you find out?"

"This was the carriage in which it was done. I watched Mr. X, because, after a time, I guessed. In the end he admitted it. He had come here to find peace, and thought he had buried his identity. It frightened him when, by a curious chance, the very carriage in which he had taken the girl's life was brought and set up opposite his door."

"What a ghastly coincidence!" Shelford exclaimed.

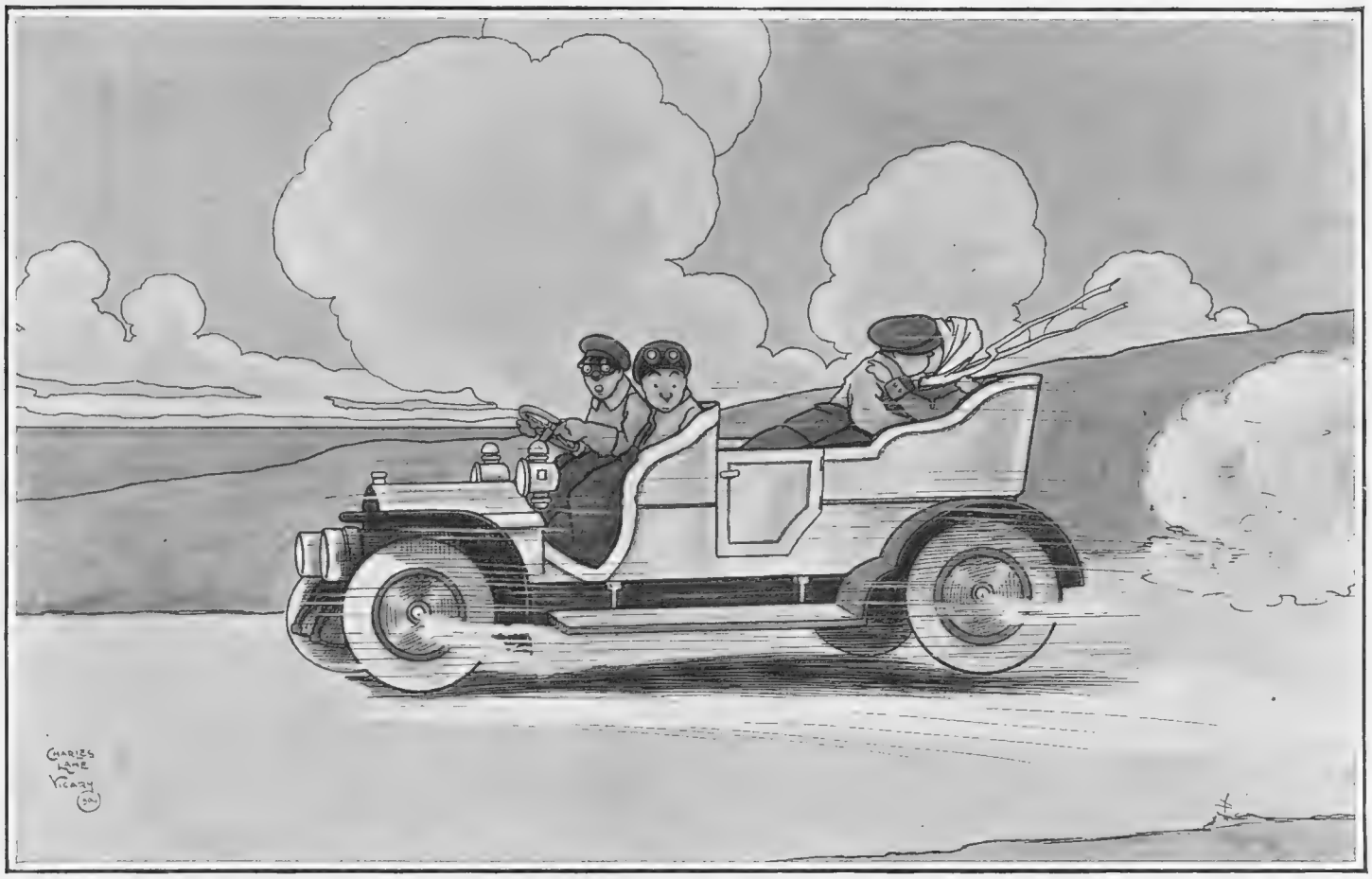
"Call it what you like," said Carstairs.

"I suppose, when he found you knew, he came to the conclusion that suicide was the best way out."

"I can only imagine," said Carstairs, after a pause, "that Mr. X decided to make another attempt to find Peace."

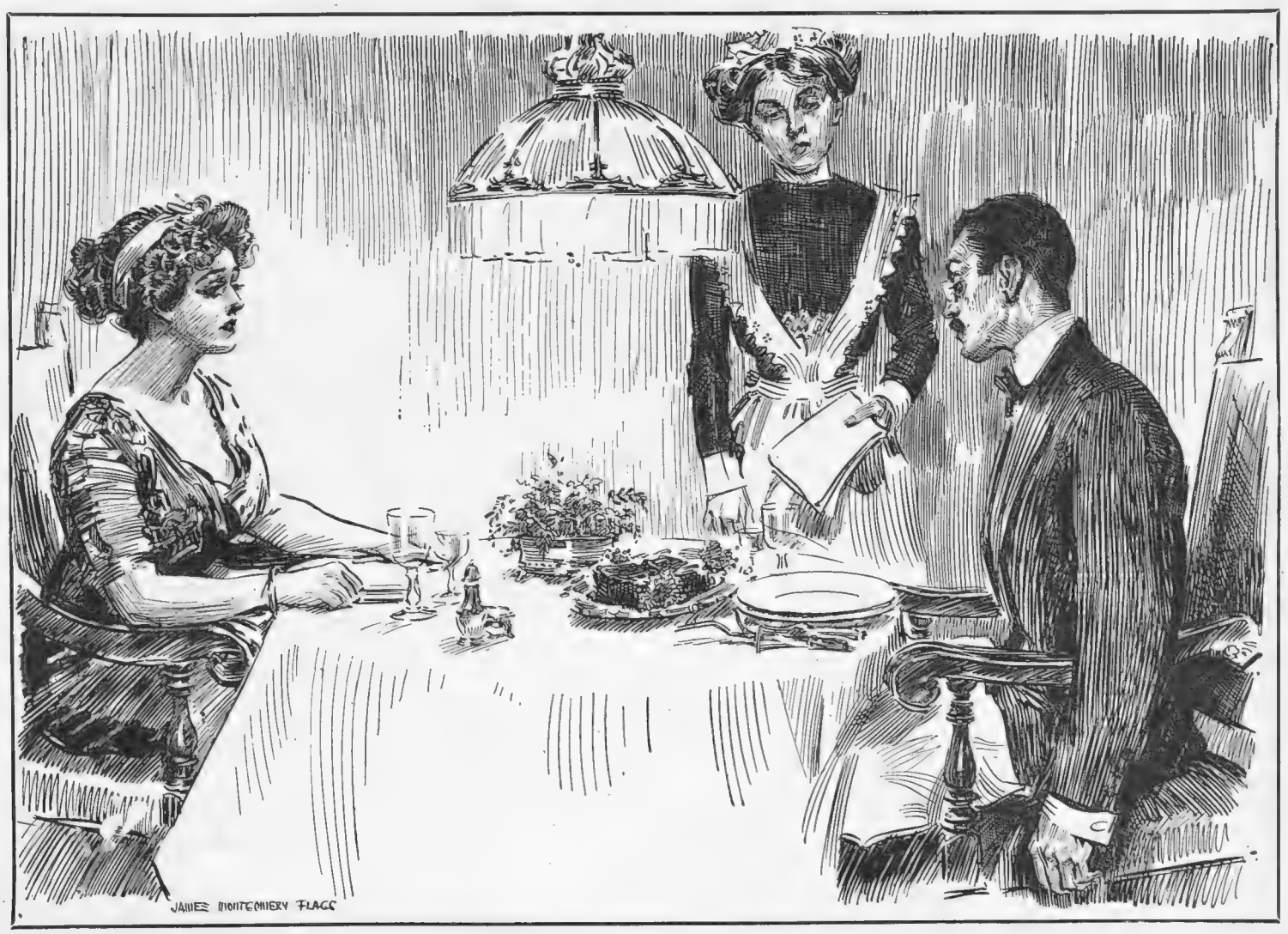
THE END.

THE TYRED FEELING — AND THE TIRED.



THE CHAUFFEUR *(startled by the smack of a resounding kiss)*: Confound it, Bill, I'll bet that's another tyre gone.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



THE HUSBAND: Oh, Lord! I had that for lunch!

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

THE FAT IN THE FIRE.



The Fireman *(seeing that the "saved" has stuck in the chute)*: 'Ere, Bill, 'ave yer got a shoe-'orn?

Drawn by H. Radcliffe-Wilson.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

RUMOUR is very busy concerning the matrimonial intentions of King Manuel. He is said to have been much impressed with the charm, distinction, and musical gifts of a young Princess who, although English by birth and breeding, is seldom mentioned in our Press. The Princess is, however, through her mother, a great-niece of the King, and her portrait, shown at one of the smaller Bond Street shows two years ago, attracted much attention. It is pointed out that the rumours now in circulation emanate from the same source as those (then contradicted) which first announced the coming betrothal of the King and Queen of Spain.

Gems in the Sale-Room. The fact that a jewel sale realised nearly fifty thousand pounds last week at Christie's seems to prove that gems are good (if sleeping) investments. The "lady of title" whose rope of pearls was knocked down at ten thousand pounds had probably not given anything like that figure for them, for pearls have much increased in value, even in the last five or six years. Indeed, pearls are evidently *the* gems of the moment, for at the same sale another pearl-string fetched over eight thousand pounds. The finest pearls are in the possession of royal ladies, our own Queen having begun to collect them long before they attained their present vogue.

The Dramatic Peerage. Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, who recently shot at Lord Farquhar's with the King, was not the only representative of his family in royal amusements this month. Mr. A. Vane-Tempest, who played a part in the command performance of "The Little Damozel," is his cousin, and also, of course, a cousin of Lord Londonderry. The cast of "The Little Damozel" was further made interesting by the appearance of Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who has taken a regular place in the theatrical world. Hitherto Mr. Thesiger, a cousin of Lord Chelmsford, has been known as an enthusiastic amateur who pranced about in pageants or at fancy-dress balls. That he should have ridden his hobby-horse as far as Windsor in so short a time promises well for his future.

The Army Pageant. That the craze for "pageantry" is by no means over—and why should it be?—is shown by the fact that the grandest of them all will take place next season. The Army Pageant promises to beat an already very brilliant record. Lord Cheylesmore is getting it up, and the Master of the Pageant is Mr. F. R. Benson, than whom there could not be a better. The pageant will not only consist of ordinary pageantry, if one may be permitted the phrase, but will also tell romantic, thrilling "Stories of the Regiments" by means of mimic war episodes—an excellent and original idea.



Photograph by Coles.

MRS. WILLIAM WATSON.



Photograph by Lafayette.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON,
Author of "The Serpent's Tongue," which begins: "She is not old, she is not young, The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue, The haggard cheek, the hungering eye, The poisoned words that wildly fly."



Photograph by Mendelssohn

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE,
Author of "The Poet with the Coward's Tongue," which begins: "Was it a woman bore this thing, Made out of words, to sneer and sing? A thing of words to scan and scan, Yet dares to sign himself a man!"

"THE WOMAN WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE" DISCUSSION.

Mr. William Watson's recent poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," which, it is claimed, is an attack on a well-known English Society woman, has roused Mr. Richard Le Gallienne to write a poem in reply, and in defence of the unnamed lady, "The Poet with the Coward's Tongue." Further, it is reported, Mr. Le Gallienne has challenged Mr. Watson to a fight with four-ounce gloves, Jeffries, Sharkey, or Johnson to referee.

Quite a New Theatrical Venture. Only last week the world had an opportunity of learning how the theatre—nay, the music-hall—attracts ladies of high degree. This is further shown by the announcement that a number of what are quaintly-styled "private house matinées" are about to take place. The first of these is announced for to-morrow (14th), and will take place at Lady Helmsley's house in Pont Street. Several short plays will be performed, and a wonderful new child dancer will make her bow to a very select public. The list of subscribers to this original theatrical venture is very smart indeed, and a Princess is patroness.

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid? "I'm going a-canvassing, Sir," she said; such will be the answer of many a pretty maiden to her questioning swains during the next few weeks. Every wise candidate enlists his girl friends to help him, for youth is not only enthusiastic, but is also indefatigable, which word in French means "unable to be tired," a very desirable quality in those "doing" an election. Both great parties have a battalion of fair canvassers eager for the fray, and quite a number of candidates have become Benedicks since the last General Election. The voter and his women-kind dearly like a bride.

Canvassing Frocks and Frills. The great question of the moment in the feminine half of political Society is, of course, the coming Election, and canvassing frocks and frills. Should the sturdy British voter be wooed in a short or long skirt? Should the lady anxious to secure his vote try to impress him by her smartness of attire or by her earnest and sensible "coat and skirt" appearance? The matter is of sufficient moment to deserve attention. For actual door-to-door canvassing, plain frocks are almost a necessity, particularly during winter time, but for platform work it is generally admitted that the prettier the gown (and wearer) the better.



A PATRONESS OF THE NEW SUNDAY ROLLER-SKATING CLUB: LADY CRICHTON.

Lady Crichton is included among the patronesses of the new Sunday Roller-Skating Club, in which Society is so much interested just now. This, it may be hoped, augurs that she is well on her way to complete recovery from the very bad hunting accident which was one of the tragic happenings of the last hunting season. Lady Crichton has already been seen at a meet, for her interest in her favourite form of sport is quite unabated.—[*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*]



A WRITER OF MUCH CHARM: MRS. ALICE MARGARETTE CRICHTON.

Mrs. Alice Margarette Crichton, the widow of the Rev. W. J. Crichton, whose memory is still cherished for his many charities, has made her mark as a writer of charming songs and delightful books for children, and has this Christmas brought out very tuneful songs for grown-ups. Mrs. Crichton may be considered as a link with the Iron Duke, for her husband's father knew him well at Eton as a boy.

Photograph by Debenham.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Stewards. The time has arrived to appoint knowledgeable stewards for all meetings held under National Hunt Rules. If gentlemen of experience refuse to act, then I certainly think paid stewards should be appointed. It is no uncommon thing to see barefaced malpractices at certain meetings, and not a word is said by those in authority. True, it would be only charitable to suggest that the stewards, who should know, did not see anything to arrest their attention, but all I can say is they should have done so. Many good men and true do act as stewards at the winter game; for instance, the Earl of Coventry, Mr. Egerton, Lord Rendlesham, Lord Suffolk, the Earl of Enniskillen, Lord Sefton, and Lord Marcus Beresford are a few names that occur to me as stewards who could at all times be called on to do their duty fearlessly and faithfully. But there are others, and the order should go forth to clerks of courses to get for stewards none but those who understand the game thoroughly. It is well known that at certain meetings, where the stewards are understood to be lax in their duties, in-and-out running is rampant and pulling is frequent. If one or two persistent offenders—owners and jockeys—were warned off it would be a good thing for the winter sport; and there should be little difficulty in catching the evil-doers if all stewards did their duty thoroughly. It is amusing to watch the betting at certain meetings. The bookmakers, as a body, are rank cowards, and yet it frequently happens that they do not stop laying what they think are the non-triers. It would be interesting to find out what they were called upon to pay for their special information, and also to whom the money was paid.



THE LABORIOUS SIDE OF SKI-ING: THE STAIR-STEP UP A STEEP SLOPE.

(See Illustrations on page 301.) Photograph by A. Scherl

The Flat. Racing will commence next year a week earlier than usual. Lincoln opens on March 14, and the Lincoln Handicap will be run on the 16th. Two days later the Grand National will be run. Easter Monday falls on April 28, and on that day there will be three flat-race fixtures—at Kempton, Birmingham, and Newcastle; and nine meetings under National Hunt Rules. The Great Metropolitan will be run at Epsom on April 19, and the City and Suburban on the following day. The Chester Cup is fixed for May 4, to be followed, three days later, by the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap. The Two Thousand Guineas will be run on April 27, and the One Thousand Guineas will be decided two days later. The Derby will be run on June 1, and the Oaks two days later. Ascot opens on June 14. The Eclipse Stakes will be run at Sandown on July 15, and Goodwood opens on July 26. The St. Leger is to be run at Doncaster on Sept. 6. The Cesarewitch will be run on Oct. 12, and the Cambridgeshire is set for decision on Oct. 26. The Liverpool Autumn Cup will be decided on Nov. 11, and the Manchester Handicap on the closing day of the season, Nov. 24. Hurst Park has been given the Monday and Tuesday in Whit Week, as usual, and Sandown gets the August Bank Holiday. There are a lot more National Hunt fixtures than usual—these run right up to May 30; while jumping meetings are fixed to take place on the August Bank Holiday at Hooton Park and Newton Abbot. One innovation in the flat-race fixtures is that Alexandra Park gets six days instead of five, including a two-days meeting on April 1 and 2. Another innovation worthy of note is the getting rid of the one-day meetings at Lewes, Lingfield, and Gatwick, in June, and substituting two-day fixtures instead. True, this means clashing with Birmingham, Beverley, and Hull respectively, but that matters little, as South-country sportsmen will not be buffeted about from place to place, as has so often been their lot in years gone by.



THE KAISER AS SPORTSMAN: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY IN SPORTING GARB, WITH ASTRAKHAN CAP AND FUR MUFF.

Tic-Tac. I was told recently that one of the leading members of the tic-tac brigade was a wealthy owner of both horses and lands. No doubt the business is well paid for, and it is useful to the bookmakers, while the tic-tacking of winners too far off telephone-wires for the benefit of the evening newspapers is a great service. Unfortunately, this is not possible when a thick fog covers the course, and it is then the winners arrive in London quite ten minutes late, as they have to be sent by telegram. As I have shown over and over again, the Post Office could beat even the telephone if they would only dispatch the messages the moment they are handed in, and I wonder this is not always done. I refer, of course, only to winners, and full results. At one meeting held in the South of England winners are tic-tacked over hill and dale for four miles, and then telephoned to London, and the messages beat ordinary telegrams by about six minutes. This should not be. I am told that those men who telegraph the changes in the betting to certain clubs prior to the start of races get their messages through in good time. If this is so, they are lucky. At times, before big races are to be decided, any alteration in the betting on the course causes the telegraph-wires to be unduly crowded, with the result that winners of the opening races are sent over the wires very late. I have come to the conclusion that everything should give way to results, for even nowadays there are cases heard of winners having been backed after the result was known to the bookmakers.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



Body Tips. Motorists who have purchased chassis at the show are now doubtless seriously contemplating the scheme of the bodies to be fitted to them. If a man is to drive his own car, the first consideration should be the position of the driving-seat. There is a great tendency on the part of coach-builders, if left to their own devices, to build the seats of motor-car bodies altogether too high. I know these gentlemen will regard me as more than heretical when I say that seats should not be more than 13 in. from the footboard, and for all but tall people they are better at 12 in. Then they should not be one inch less than nineteen inches wide, with a good drop to the back. Again, the upholstery of the back of the seat should be plumped out well as to its lower part, so as to come well into the hollow of the back. Few coachbuilders will do this to a sufficient degree. Then the steering-column should be raked so that while the driver can slip easily into his place behind it, he ought to be able to grasp the upper sides of the wheel without fully extending his arms.

Petrol Shortage. Short measure in petrol is a question very keenly under discussion at the moment, many private owners complaining that from leakage or some other unexplained cause they find occasional tins of petrol, all properly sealed, pints short of the two imperial gallons they should contain. Some of the petrol companies have risen in their own defence, and in ascribing the shortage to leakage, assert that this is due to the shocking manner in which the cans are treated by petrol-purveyors and car-users. But, as a matter of fact, this bad treatment lies, after all, at the doors of the petrol companies, for they are responsible for the crude design of the screw-caps with which the faucets are closed and sealed. No petrol-can in ordinary use can be opened without a special implement, generally a tyre-lever, and as it is frequently irksome to dig this tool out of a tool-drawer or roll, the bottom edge of another can is frequently requisitioned, to the detriment of both. The petrol companies should offer a premium for a faucet-cap which can be manipulated with the fingers, and yet is quite tight and capable of being sealed.

Everything but the Car. That is the motto blazoned on the Dunhill banner, and if a careful examination of a three-hundred-and-ten-paged tome, which is just to hand, and which is styled "Dunhill's Motorities," goes for anything, then Dunhills have reason in their motto. *Place aux dames* also obtains with this firm of Euston Road and Conduit Street, for the first eighty pages are devoted to garments for the fair, many of which are particularly tasteful while being eminently suited to motoring both in open and closed cars. Each garment is illustrated, and not only illustrated but most remarkably set off, worn as it is by a fascinating mannequin. The lady motorist who cannot find motor garments to her taste at Dunhill's or in Dunhill's great book must be "gey ill" to please. Gentlemen's and chauffeurs' garments there are also in profusion, while the motorities themselves, ranging from goggles to gas-lamps, and oil-cans to wind-screens, are as the sands of the sea for multitude.



AS LEONARDO DA VINCI (OR R. C. LUCAS?) MIGHT HAVE MADE IT: A FLYING-MACHINE IN THE FORM OF A BIRD—"THE BIRD OF HAMELIN."

Some such bird as this might well have evolved from the attempts of Leonardo da Vinci to make a flying-machine, for all his experiments were made with the object of inventing an apparatus that should enable man to fly as the bird flies. Or it might have been made, for instance, by that worthy person of the fifteenth century who tied wings to his shoulders and jumped from the top of a hill, with the result that he broke both his legs. It may be remarked that this gentleman did not rail against fate. "It was my own fault," he said, "for when I gave myself wings, that I might imitate the bird, I forgot to put on a tail."—[*Photograph by Branger.*]



TO ENABLE MOTORISTS TO SEE ROUND CORNERS: MIRRORS FACING A DANGEROUS CORNER AT HARROGATE.

With the aid of these mirrors, approaching motorists are enabled to see whether any vehicle is coming towards them round the curve. The device has been set up by the Harrogate and District Automobile Club, and presented to the Corporation of Harrogate by it.

Photograph by Mitchell and Co.

The Spencer-Moulton Detachable Rim. Not content with producing a superlatively good pneumatic motor-tyre, Messrs. George Spencer-Moulton and Co. are now putting a particularly ingenious and practical detachable rim upon the market. Upon more than one occasion I have insisted in these columns that, to be completely satisfactory, a detachable rim must not only present a facile and perfectly secure attachment to the wheel, but must be so constructed that the fitting of a new tyre-cover thereto when the rim is off the wheel is an easy job. This latter great desideratum is quite simply and satisfactorily obtained by the manner in which the Spencer-Moulton rim is constructed. The rim is split centrally and circumferentially, the halves having lugs upon their under-surfaces, by which they are bolted together and also bolted to the wheel. The rim, as a whole, is coned or tapered, and so is the steel band on the wheel, the rim being drawn up tight and firm on the wheel by the bolts aforesaid. In fitting a cover on to the detached rim, the tyre-bead is pushed into one half, and the other half is then pushed on to the opposite bead, and the two halves screwed up together.

Tyre-Pressures Again! Last week I referred to the air-pressures recommended by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, and, apropos of this advice, my attention has been drawn to the fact that one well-known motor expert—no other than Mr. S. F. Edge—habitually adopts pressures much lower than those recommended by the tyre companies. I am assured that on a big 40-h.p. Napier Mr. Edge will never permit a pressure of more than 65 lb. to the square inch in his driving, and not more than 60 lb. in his steering wheel tyres. It is, of course, a matter of who shall decide when doctors disagree?—but I am told that with these low pressures the Napier expert gets, on an average, a thousand miles more out of such covers than ever he did with the higher pressures recommended.

KEY-NOTES

Mme. Gerhardt at the Albert Hall.

At the New Symphony Orchestra's Sunday Concert in the Albert Hall last week Madame Gerhardt gave an added proof of her extraordinary talent by singing both to orchestra and pianoforte in fashion that appeared to send her voice to every part of the huge hall without any visible strain or fatigue. Here was voice-production of the very best, though it is only reasonable to suppose that the great singer would not voluntarily choose so large an area for the display of her gifts. There are voices before the public that are voices and nothing more; they can fill the Albert Hall with little difficulty, but we do not find in the singers referred to, but of necessity unnamed, anything like Mme. Gerhardt's interpretative faculty, anything like the same identification of the singer with the song. They are merely virtuosi to whom the gods have been extremely kind. The exquisite quality of Mme. Gerhardt's mezza voce was as clear to the audience half across the hall as if the singer had been at Steinway's or Bechstein's, and great praise is due to Mr. Landon Ronald for the taste, skill, and discretion with which he accompanied the singer. The Overture to "William Tell" was included in the programme, and must have given many of the audience "furiously to think." Here was part of the fortieth opera written by a man in his early middle age, so full of melody and high spirits, so purely the outcome of inspiration, that though the greater part of a century has passed since it was penned, the appeal is well-nigh irresistible, and those who care least for the work are merely tired of it. Rossini's popular overture is not always presented as it was by the New Symphony Orchestra.



A LORD OF APPEAL AS CHURCH BELL-RINGER: THE RIGHT HON. R. R. CHERRY, K.C., ACTING AS A BELL-RINGER AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

The Right Hon. R. R. Cherry, hitherto Attorney-General for Ireland, and now a Lord of Appeal in Ireland, spends a certain amount of his spare time and a good deal of energy as amateur church bell-ringer, working at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Richter and the L.S.O.

Some of us cherish a little grievance against Dr. Richter—a grievance founded upon the comparatively small place accorded in his programmes to very modern work. From time to time he may be blamed for lack of sympathy with the new men or for lack of energy to rehearse new works of interest or promise. Then he conducts a concert in which every item is familiar, and disappointment is merged in pleasure; those who went to scoff remain to applaud. In his own territory, as an interpreter of Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, Dr. Richter is probably without a serious rival, for though many interpretations of the same music possess the highest interest, there is none that can lay claim to equal authority. The London Symphony Orchestra would seem to pursue a well-considered policy in the selection of its programmes, seeking to include certain works that cannot be played with quite an equal mastery by any other orchestra in London. New works must either have great intrinsic merit or must come with the prestige of a great name if they would achieve acceptance.

Professor Prout.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, when the writer was receiving his first lessons in harmony, he would have heard the news of Professor Prout's death with resignation not unmixed with more definite emotions. But since those student days it has been possible to appreciate and understand the labours of a singularly earnest and scholarly worker, whose death leaves a gap in the ranks of musical scholarship. Professor Ebenezer Prout was in the seventy-fifth year of his active, useful life, and it was said of him that his vast stores of theoretical knowledge were acquired by private study. At various periods of his career he was an organist, a teacher of the piano, a musical critic—he served the *Musical Record*, *Athenæum* and *Academy*—a choirmaster, an author, a professor of harmony and composition, a composer and a conductor. He was not gifted with a great measure of fancy, though his compositions are not as heavy as they are popularly supposed to be. He laboured over his work, and those who sought to follow him found that the path to knowledge was a very difficult one. But in the domain of musical theory, what the late Ebenezer Prout did not know was not knowledge, and those who could wrestle with his text-books received a foundation of sound knowledge upon which any superstructure could be imposed. He was a sound critic of everything in music save modernism, with which he had little or no sympathy. *Requiescat.*

Miss Myra Hess.

Bach, César Franck, Schumann, Chopin, and some more modern writers figured upon the programme selected by Miss Myra Hess for her recital at the Æolian Hall last week, and the young pianist proved that she is rising steadily in her profession. A few years ago, when she made her début, Miss Hess appeared to be developing a hard and rather unsympathetic touch: she seemed to be more concerned with the conquest of difficulties than with the interpretation of the composer's thoughts—in fact, there was every reason to fear that she would be found among the ever-increasing ranks of those whose playing is very glittering, very laboured, and quite without interest to those who are not enamoured of mere cleverness. In the last year or two, a very considerable change has taken place. The young artist has now developed the priceless gift of temperament: she is no longer conscious of the means to the end; she sees her work as a whole, and not as a series of complicated component parts. In Kipling's explicit phrase, she has found herself, and is to be congratulated upon a very interesting discovery that will give an exceedingly sincere and gifted recruit to the small company of really first-class players.

COMMON CHORD.



WEARING A THREE-HUNDRED GUINEA MAORI DRESS: THE PRINCESS PLARA NENE, THE "WOMAN SINGER WITH A MAN'S VOICE."

The Princess Plara Nene is a direct descendant of the Royal Maoris of New Zealand. Her voice ranges between that of a tenor and a bass. She appeared at the Queen's Hall the other day, and sang "Come into the Garden, Maud." The dress she is shown wearing is said to be one of the finest examples of embroidery in existence.—[*Photograph by Halftones.*]

Christmas Presents for All.

"Smoothly Done My Task Is."

This might be the motto of the Gillette razor, than which there is no better Christmas present for a man. He is a creature at his best in a good temper; shaving in the old way frequently causes him to start the day in a bad one. The Gillette is a smoother-away of such difficulties, as it is a smoother of lips and cheeks. Men look younger than they did before the Gillette razor revolutionised their first daily task and made it something like a pleasure. Over 70,000 of these neat and most effective little shaving implements were bought last Christmastide. The Standard Gillette set can be bought for a guinea, packed in a neat, velvet-lined leather case, which goes easily by post. The gratitude it secures is not for a day or a year, but for a lifetime. Even if the man for whom the gift is intended has one of these razors, a new pocket edition model can be had in a variety of neat metal cases from a guinea. These are always appreciated. So, too, are the companion shaving outfits, from 30s. to £3. With a Gillette razor no stropping is necessary—in fact, the Gillette is a modern instrument of civilisation, not a dangerous weapon of barberism!



THE STANDARD GILLETTE RAZOR SET, IN A VELVET-LINED LEATHER CASE, FOR ONE GUINEA.

A Gift of Noble Origin.

It is a pleasant thing, when buying a present for someone we value, to know that it is to all intents and purposes unique—that its fellow will not be encountered at the first party the recipient attends. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, recognising this, have made up from their own exclusive designs, in their own workshops, some charming pieces of jewellery in pearls and New Mine sapphires. These are artistic and effective, and by no means expensive, while they are important and very becoming ornaments. The New Mine sapphire, unlike the darker blue stone, keeps its fascinating colour by artificial light. It is a beautiful bright, soft blue, which goes perfectly with the grey and Nattier and glacier blues now so much in vogue. These beautiful pendants, brooches, and necklets are equally suitable for day or for evening wear. Very beautiful are pendant miniature-cases, backed with beautifully done enamel on gold, in lovely colours of flax-flower, and translucent grey blue, and soft carnation-pink. These cost only £3 10s. They are also mounted as hat-pins. The days of wearing miniatures are with us once more, and the frames for them are charming. Smaller ones at Mappin and Webb's are lovely with a pearl in the centre of each; they cost a few shillings more. In the larger ones, the recipient's monogram can be introduced in the centre. The enamelling is done in England. A special opportunity is afforded by the firm for the advantageous purchase of emeralds. They bought on excellent terms a large parcel of these lovely gems, and have had them beautifully mounted with diamonds, chiefly as rings, which are a favourite gift. The prices are such as have not been offered before. A specialty, and a charming one, is a number of remarkably pretty gifts for young girls — suitable for bridesmaids' presents—at most reasonable cost. An instance is an amethyst pendant on a gold chain for 36s. There are such vast numbers of novelties in jewellery that it is a good plan to send to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, at 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 220, Regent Street, for their Christmas list, which is profusely illustrated, and which will be sent off by return post on application.



PENDANTS AND BROOCHES IN PEARLS AND NEW MINE SAPPHIRES.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

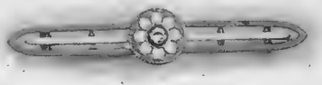
Taking the Biscuit.

Huntley and Palmer are one of the firms that make the cakes and the biscuits that take the cake and the biscuit the world over. They have prepared for Christmas what pleases both eye and palate. Their "Handbag" tin is a delightful illusion, looking like a leather one and containing the toothsome "Universal" biscuits of the firm. A marvellous reproduction of a casket in Sèvres ware contains the firm's delicious selection called "Christmas biscuits"; another, similarly filled, takes the form of a white china vase mounted on a gold stand and decorated with roses. Various biscuits are contained in a wonderful simulation of a bowl of water-lilies and golden carp. "Universal" biscuits are in the Delft tin, on which are pictures in blue and white representing life in the Netherlands. There is great originality and much variety in the decoration of the firm's Christmas cakes. The "Aurora," a rich fruit-cake with almond and sugar icing, shows a wonderful effect of an Arctic sunset colour. Another called the "Fram" represents the famous ship in the Polar regions. The Christmas cake shows crackers and a jockey and dancers. Huntley and Palmer's novelties will grace all festive boards.

The Two Peters.

Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, has caught the spirit of Peter Pan for his Christmas Bazaar list, which is most attractive not only from cover to cover, but on cover and cover. These are printed in colour in mediæval design, the small god Pan piping away on the front one, and the Fairy Queen most artistically displayed on the back. The contents are wonderful. There are gifts for grown-ups from 1s. to £100. These are illuminative and suggestive to the present-seeker. There can be no one who could go through this booklet with a friend

in mind for whom a delightful present could not be hit upon. Then there are gifts for Peter Pan's own friends, the children, whom he finds so delightful that he won't grow up and leave them, but keeps them on good terms with the fairies. Dollies, Teddy-bears, plush people and plush animals, farmyards, steeplechasers, circuses, trains, stations, signals—every kind of toy and every novelty of Toyland are illustrated. In addition, there are masses of pictured presents for men and women, any one of which would be delightful to receive. The booklet will be sent post free to anyone who applies for it.





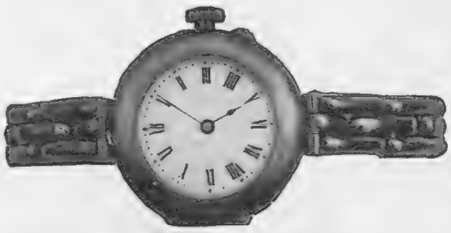
A GOLD PENDANT WITH CHASED LEAVES, SET WITH PEARLS, AQUAMARINES AND PINK TOURMALINES, AND A BROOCH.
Messrs. Elkington and Co.

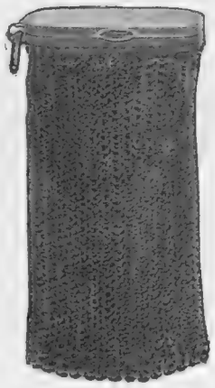
Satin-Smooth and Rosy-Tinted. In these days women realise the value of their complexions. A good skin is an absolute necessity to good looks. If it is not a natural thing it is artificially simulated, which is attractive only at a distance or in a half-light. The way to have and keep a good skin is to care for it, and not to use all kinds of soaps and washes for it. The Erasmic Soap is pure and good, and pleasant to use; the name of the Erasmic Company on any toilet specialty is a guarantee that it is of first quality. In addition to the soap, which is a pretty as well as a useful present, daintily put up in tasteful boxes as it is, there are some delicious perfumes introduced by the company which are in great demand. There is "Fantasma," sold in caskets from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; and the "Red Rose of Lancaster," which is from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. a bottle, the latest to make its appearance and immediately to secure the favour of the public. It is a delicious scent, that steals on the senses and is yet refreshing and invigorating. Recently, too, the company have produced a medicated soap called "Tesco." It is admirably suited for use in the nursery and at the toilet, and is sold at 3½d. a tablet, or 10d. a box. The "Peerless" and "Elite" Erasmic soaps, which have gained so high a place in the estimation of the public, are now sold in three-tablet boxes at 11½d. a box. The "Elite" is pure white and deliciously soft, the "Peerless" is creamy, and both are delicately perfumed. Shaving-soaps, as provided by this company, are very luxurious, and produce a lasting lather that does not dry on the face. They are now supplied in splendidly finished, plain nickel-plated cases; the shaving-creams are most keenly appreciated. The "Extasia" perfume, a recently introduced one, but already an established favourite, and the "Naisma," are among the things that make always-acceptable Christmas gifts. They can be obtained at all chemists', or at the spacious and artistic showrooms of the Erasmic Company, 117, Oxford Street, where many daintinesses are to be seen.



A DELICIOUS PERFUME—FANTASMA.
The Erasmic Company.

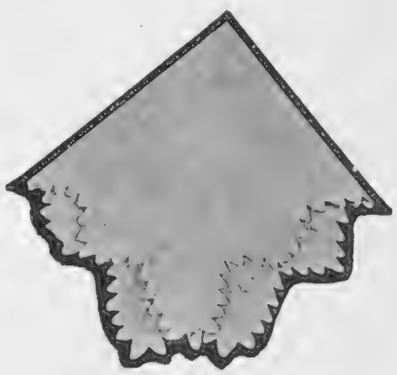
Best are Cheapest. This should be the motto of all who buy gifts from the right motives. They will be quite secure of this in all purchases from Elkington and Co., 22, Regent Street, a firm noted throughout the world for excellence. It is one long established and thoroughly up to date. There are branches in five large provincial towns, also in Calcutta, Montreal, Madrid, Buenos Ayres, and Rangoon. As everything from this establishment is as good as it can be, from a present costing a few shillings to one of thousands of pounds value, it ensures real gratitude, because, whatever it may be, it will last. At this season the firm select from their immense stock, and have specially manufactured, many things suitable for gifts. Some of these are illustrated in a special list, which will be sent on application: it gives an excellent idea of what the various gifts are. A long brooch of fine gold with a centre of Wedgwood enamel, set with an aquamarine, for £1 12s. 6d., is perfectly charming. A larger one of gold, excellent in design and set with pearls and green and pink tourmalines, at £2 10s., is another beautiful present. There are dozens of these dainty little jewelled brooches at most moderate cost to select from. A pendant in gold with chased leaves set with pearls, aquamarines, and pink tourmalines for £5 15s. is a really important-looking and very artistic ornament. Of such pendants there is a wide choice, beginning at £2. A gift useful as well as ornamental is an expanding bracelet of 9-carat gold set with a 9-carat gold lever watch. This expansion does not get out of order, it is London-made, and the action compresses and strengthens the mechanism. This costs only £6 10s. An oxydised watch fitted on a leather strap costs only £1 12s. 6d., and would be a joy to a boy or girl. For a man an excellent present is a solid-gold chain-purse to hold ten sovereigns. This costs £3 15s. Men begin to prefer them to the stiff sovereign-purses, and they fasten on neatly to the keys-chain. A set of silver flower-vases from 5⅛ in. to 9⅝ in. high, costing from a guinea to £2 10s. each, are useful and beautiful gifts, and splendid value. They are of registered design, with pierced and chased mounts. The new engine-turned silver toilet-service is most fascinating. A silver calendar and photograph-frame combined is good, and costs only a guinea. There are masses of lovely things, costing from a few shillings, the value of which is increased greatly to all who know the ropes by the word "Elkington" on them.





AN OXYDISED WATCH ON A LEATHER STRAP, AND A SOLID-GOLD CHAIN-PURSE TO HOLD TEN SOVEREIGNS.
Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Dainty and Useful. These are attributes greatly prized in presents. Both are supplied in thousands of things that can be purchased at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's great big handsome premises at 156-170, Regent Street, and at 40G, Donegall Place, Belfast. Particularly is this the case about handkerchiefs, of which the firm have the largest and most varied stock in the world. Quite recently they made a display of handkerchiefs only in twenty-seven windows. They are literally at all prices, and of all kinds. Very pretty are those of linen hand-embroidered in Madeira work from 1s. to 4s. 6d. each. The narrow-hem style in sheer linen, hand-embroidered, with fascinating Louis Seize designs in the corners, are obtainable from 1s. 11d. each. There are fine handkerchiefs of sheer Irish linen, with elaborate embroidered borders, some with a design of rose, thistle, and shamrock, some with a fine thistle pattern alone. These are from 3s. 11d. to 6s. 3d. each. Shamrock-lawn handkies, with an enormous variety of neat hand-embroidered borders, are sold from 12s. to 59s. 6d. a dozen, and superfine mull, also hand-wrought in neat patterns round the border from 3s. 9d. to 10s. 6d. Drawn-thread borders are also in immense variety. Initialled varieties are charming, and are delightfully personal for a present. These, very neat and nice, are priced so low as 4s. 9d. a dozen for ladies. There are, of course, numbers for men, too. The Shamrock perfume, sold by the firm, is a charming present; it is delicious, and it does not fade away. There are fur-lined gloves and neatly put-up boxes of gloves—charming, useful gifts among those shown by this world-renowned Irish firm. Illustrated lists will be sent post free from either establishment.

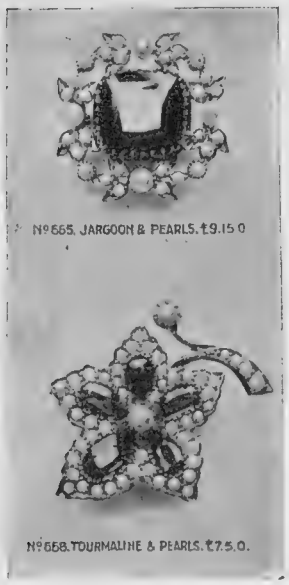


A DAINTY THING IN HANDKERCHIEFS.
Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver.

For Old and Young, Rich and Poor. There are hundreds and hundreds of gifts for everyone illustrated in the Christmas List of Messrs. John Barker and Co., of Kensington High Street. This will be sent post free on application to the firm. It is a wonderful guide to the present-seeker, for it literally teems with illustrations, fancy silver things among them—a silver menu-holder, in the shape of two owls, for 4s. 6d., or a Koh-i-Noor pencil-holder, at 1s. 6d. There are bags of all sorts and sizes, beginning with a useful and pretty one in kid of all colours, at 1s. 11½d., and going through a great variety in style and price. The fancy-leather department offers a very wide variety from which to choose. Novelties in imitation jewellery also show up attractively. The stationery is wonderfully varied, and at remarkably small prices. New books for Christmas gifts, illustrated in colour to show the bindings, are fascinating and helpful; popular games are also inspiring; the dressed dollies, too, are numerously illustrated, as are the toys. The list is comprehensive and vastly suggestive.

Sweet English Violets. We cannot all have these at Christmas time. What we can all have, thanks to the enterprise of clever English ladies, is the concentrated essence of these delicious scented flowers

(Continued overleaf.



AN IVY-LEAF BROOCH AND SQUARE JARGOON.
Sir John Bennett.

in the various dainty preparations of the Misses Allen-Brown, made from blooms grown at their own violet-nurseries at Henfield, Sussex. They are essentially English these preparations, so, naturally, British Christmas is prepared for, and some charming presents are obtainable—for instance, an extra large presentation-size bottle of English violet perfume, packed in an attractive and substantial violet-hued hamper for 12s., carriage paid; an old Sussex pot-pourri bowl, which diffuses a delightful fragrance, and is in itself a charming ornament, for 4s. 6d., post free. Hanging breeze baskets are not only original, but poetic. In green, rose, blue, and mauve, these cost 3s. 9d. each. Satin glove-cases impregnated with the delicious smell of violets, size 19 in. by 17 in., may be had for a guinea; and handkerchief-cases to match from 12s. 6d. to 21s. An English violet-vaporiser in a box, with liquids necessary to diffuse the delicate fragrance through a room, costs only 30s. Nothing could be nicer to receive as a gift than a Christmas hamper. One at a guinea comprises a large bottle of perfume, a box containing three tablets of soap, one bottle of violet-foam, one bottle of lotion for use after motoring, a tin of bath salts, and a hanging satchel. There is another with not so many contents for half-a-guinea. No one can fail to appreciate such dainty, British gifts as these, and all are sent carriage paid.

Barometers as Presents—or Wives.

Discussing the question of marrying a lady whose conversation treated mainly of the weather, Praed wrote that "the desperate man who tried it might marry a barometer, and hang himself beside it." He could not get a better one, either for that purpose or for a Christmas present, than from the well-known opticians, Messrs. Aitchison and Co., of 428, Strand; 47, Fleet Street; 6, Poultry; 28, Oxford Street; 12, Cheapside; 46, Fenchurch Street; and 14, Newgate Street, London; and 37, Bond Street, Leeds. They will send a fine illustrated catalogue of barometers, thermometers, and other meteorological instruments post free on application. Our illustration shows one of a pair of miniature grandfather clocks and barometers, beautifully made and finished in inlaid mahogany or rosewood, standing nineteen inches high.

Rings on Your Fingers.

Few ornaments appeal more to either sex than rings. Other jewels are only seen by their wearers in the glass. Rings are always in their line of vision. At Sir John Bennett's fine establishment at 65, Cheapside, there is an extraordinarily large and varied selection of very beautiful rings. The firm mount their own stones, of which they have an enormous stock; their designs are beautiful, and the workmanship is not to be excelled. There are rings from £1, set with rubies and diamonds, up to several hundred pounds. In the admirably illustrated catalogue issued by the firm, which will be sent to anyone who applies for it, over two hundred rings are illustrated as actually photographed, of which no two are alike, and these are not half the stock of the establishment. They are all most excellent value, and many are with the invisible setting now so much in vogue. Another specialty is a singularly large assortment of 15-carat gold fancy stone and pearl brooches. These are of charming design. A very fine jargoon, square in shape and wreathed round with fine pearls, costs £9 15s., and is quite an uncommon ornament; an ivy-leaf in tourmaline and pearls, at £7 5s., is charming; so is a circle of topaz and pearls; and a shamrock in tourmaline and pearls is delightful. These brooches begin at £2 15s., for which a charming circle of garnets and pearls is obtainable. When you say a watch is from Sir John Bennett's you give it the best possible character that a master or mistress could have with a servant, and it is a genuine document, quite unforgeable. These are of many styles and many prices; good silver watches for boys or girls from £2 and £3. Necklets and pendants of finest stones, beautifully and most reliably set, are in extraordinary variety; a first-quality diamond necklet of very fascinating design costs only £265; while a charmingly graceful one of pearls and diamonds costs £90. The smaller expenses in the City and the enormous business done by the firm enable them to offer things at very advantageous terms. There is also a large variety of silver presents to choose from, and of gold charms, chains, lockets, and pins.



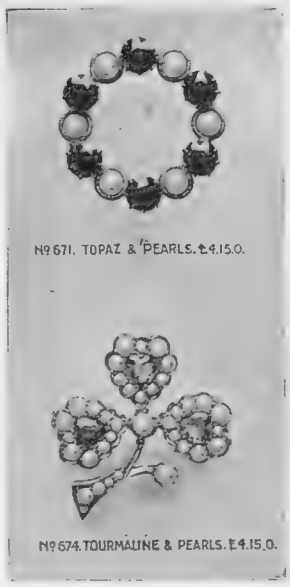
ONE OF A PAIR OF MINIATURE GRANDFATHER CLOCKS AND BAROMETERS.
Messrs. Aitchison and Co.



A HANGING SCENT-SATCHEL FROM A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
The Misses Allen-Brown.

Buy Jingo; the Guillotine.

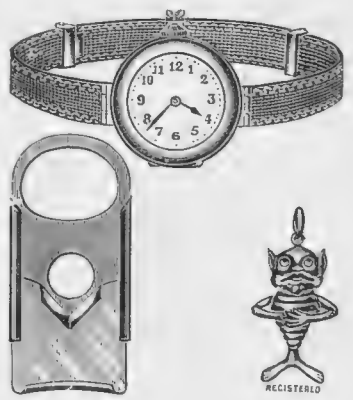
This is neither warlike nor bloodthirsty. "Buy Jingo" is a genial charm, a nice person who ministers universal good luck to those who propitiate him by wearing him always. As a very potent portion of that good luck, he wards off all kinds of evil and infectious germs from his friends who give him an airing. He is the king of germs. Not beautiful to look at, he has his fascinations, and these are embodied in solid bronze, when he costs 1s.; in solid silver, 2s. 6d.; in solid 9-carat gold, 20s.; in 18-carat gold, 32s. 6d. He is also obtainable with diamond, ruby, and opal eyes at prices in accordance with the gems used. The Guillotine cuts cigars in the neatest and most effective manner; it is never-failing, and is strong and light and thin. It cuts clean off the small end-piece of the cigar, rendering the draw of smoke easy, regular, and diffused through the mouth—not on to one part of the tongue, as through a small hole. This may easily prove harmful. The Guillotine is obtainable only in hall-marked silver or 9-carat, 15-carat, or 18-carat gold. These are delightful presents for men. Another good gift is the Royal Ascot watch-bracelet. It is expanding and of the finest woven gold. It can be adjusted to any wrist, and looks like a neat golden strap. It is edged with a registered link-pattern chain, which protects the woven band and makes it suitable for hard wear. Only reliable lever watches are supplied with them. All these very much desired Christmas gifts are to be had at all the leading jewellers and stores, or the name of the nearest firm from whom they can be obtained will be sent on application to the manufacturers, whose address can be seen by referring to the advertisement in this paper.



A SHAMROCK BROOCH AND A CIRCLE BROOCH.
Sir John Bennett.

What variety of dress may be attained even with a single hue was seen at the White Costume Ball which was held on the 2nd inst. at the Empress Rooms, and which was a very big success. Some four hundred guests were present, and some very novel costumes were seen. Quite a new feature of the evening were two limelights playing upon the visitors from the Band Gallery, producing a very nice effect, and adding greatly to the enjoyment of the dance.

State Express Cigarettes, which are made by the Ardath Tobacco Company under hygienic conditions, and have the approval of the medical profession, are a very popular smoke. They are made in the following blends: Virginia Leaf No. 555, at 5s. per hundred; "Astorias," billiard-room size, at 7s. per hundred; State Express Turkish Leaf No. 1 Cigarettes, at 6s. per hundred; and State Express Egyptian Blend "AA," at 5s. per hundred.



A WATCH-BRACELET, GUILLOTINE CIGAR-CUTTER, AND JINGO CHARM.
Messrs. Gourdel, Vales and Co.

"Yes, I Blick!" said a Society woman the other day, when asked whether type-written letters were good form. "Blick is the name of my little home-secretary. I use the Blick typewriter because it is so easy to work, and so light that I can carry it about with me anywhere." The advantages the Blick possesses are its cheapness, its portability, its strength, and the simplicity of its mechanism; and there are no ink-ribbons used with which to stain the fingers. Fuller details can be had by sending a postcard to the Blickensderfer Company, Ltd., 9, Cheapside, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

"Sketch" City Offices, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.

The Home Railway Rise.

WHETHER to be quite sure or not about the lasting nature of the Home Railway boomlet the dealers themselves profess perplexity. Of course, the rise had been overdue for some time past—in a way, although it has always been easy to argue that with foreign investments (provided by the Rothschilds, the Barings, and others) at such tempting prices, there was little enough inducement to buy the home securities. On the other hand, it is arguable that the country has seen the last of its lean years, and that in the revival already apparent in trade the carrying companies will be unable to help benefiting, and to a large extent. The advantages of the economies introduced during the hard times of the past three or four years will show very clearly as soon as the companies find they are able to make good profits again. Next year the Home Railway market might develop some of the old-time activity, and the little rise which has so far taken place cannot be said to have unduly inflated prices.

Our Stroller in Throgmorton Street.

"How much?" asked Our Stroller, as he watched with great amusement an ingenious toy that has been the rage in Throgmorton Street for the past week.

The vendor looked at him. "All complete in a box, guv'nor," he started.

"How much?" repeated our friend.

"Two bo—— 'Ere, come 'ere a minute. It's all complete in a box, yer know. Say one-an'-nin—— Now, come 'ere. Cost me eighteen bob a dozen; straight they do. 'Ave it for——"

Our Stroller frowned severely at the diminutive merchant who tried to sell him a pair of unlikely-looking china horses for twopence, and sauntered into the West African Market.

Two men vigorously discussed Ashanti Goldfields. One of them was saying that when the property earned £25,000 profit a month on its issued capital of £200,000, it would be able to pay at least cent. per cent. in dividends.

"Who says it's going to make three hundred thousand a year?" asked his friend, with a touch of scorn in the tone.

"The report, out the other day, spoke of £23,000 profit a month, in the latter half of next year, with the possibility of raising it another couple of thousand."

"Sounds luxurious, doesn't it? Well, we shall see. But when a Company gets on to a steady dividend-paying basis, it means farewell to speculation in the shares."

"That's so, I know. It will take some time yet, though, to get the Ashanti Goldfields into the three hundred thousand a year position; there's plenty of scope for gambling in the mean—— Hullo! now you've put your foot in it."

He had. A mechanical duck, whose charm lay in his utterly unexpected fluctuations, lay on one side, at his last tin-gasp.

Then there was another altercation, during which Our Stroller drifted into the Globe Market, declining to have anything to do with an eager seller of small china figures of little girls with a bear.

"Can't help thinking they've run them up rather fast, you know. Giants, Globes, and Enterprise don't appeal very much to me at the present prices."

"It's an awfully ticklish business," agreed a bystander. "All the same, I'd rather be a bull than a bear. In fact, I wouldn't be caught out of them for toffee."

"They say the Langlaagte Estate Company is about to increase its dividend from two shillings to three shillings; if so, the things don't look dear at 2¾, with six shillings a year dividend and a decent life."

"Wolhuters are *cum* four shillings, and will get another four in six months. There's 10 per cent. on your money; a good mine, thirty years to live. Oh, take the things away!"—and the merchant with the penny cigars which pulled out into fans retired abashed.

"By the way, if Eastmans are going to pay 12 per cent. and carry forward a big balance, they ought to be cheap at twenty-two-and-six?"

"So they are. And there's another share that's got a good rise in it even yet—Millar's Karri The Company is doing what seems to be ridiculously well."

"And they tell me in the market the rise in Cements isn't over, either. Don't like 'em much, though. Dangerous, rather."

"Of course, there's just this against Eastmans. If there's to be this tariff on meat that they all talk about, it will be a bad day's work for Eastmans."

"Won't the increased employment——"

"My dear old boy, we're not on a platform now, so we may as well drop that sort of thing, and talk business. I'm a bit afraid of the South American outlook all round, under a tariff."

"I don't quite follow."

"We have the command of South American trade, through the

[Continued on Page XII.



The Sign of a Perfect Cartridge

In the opinion of notable sportsmen at home and abroad, **Eley** Cartridges are unequalled for their unvarying excellence and adaptability.

ELEY Standard

12-bore Specialities include:

'Aquoid'—Waterproof, gas-tight.
'Zenith'—Deep-shell, gas-tight.
'Acme'—Deep-shell, unlined.
'Ecar'—'E.B. Nitro' quality.
'Eley Smokeless'—A popular low-price cartridge.
'Vulcan'—With smokeless and light charge of shot.

Actual trial of Eley Cartridges affords surest proof of their supreme quality.

Eley Cartridges are obtainable in every part of the world.

Eley Bros., Ltd., London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liege, &c.



These cigarettes I simply treasure,
Ladies smoke them too with pleasure.
They give delight to young and old,
And worthy of a case of gold.

Judges, oh my "De Reszké," love thee well,
All-conquering Alexander owns thy spell;
Subtle Pinero, Bourchier, others tell
How thy sweet clouds all other clouds dispel.

DE RESZKÉ CIGARETTES

THE IDEAL XMAS PRESENT

5/3 - 6/3 - 8/3 - PER 100



All the most Beautiful Women use

CRÈME SIMON

(ENTIRELY FREE FROM GREASE)

Mme ADELINA PATTI says:
Have found it very good indeed.

For Preventing
WRINKLES,
For Restoring and Beautifying
the COMPLEXION
it is unequalled.

Blotches, Chaps, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Sunburn,
disappear as if by magic.

MOTORISTS FIND IT INVALUABLE.
MARVELLOUS FOR SOOTHING THE CHAFING AFTER SHAVING.

Price: 1/3, 2/6 and 4/- per Pot, 1/3 per Tube.

Use also
POUDRE SIMON
REFINED, DELIGHTFUL, ABSOLUTELY PURE.

J. SIMON, 59, Faubg St-Martin, PARIS.
Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.
MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., LONDON.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



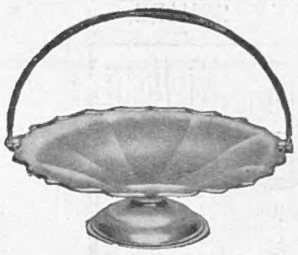
The STERLING is the most responsive and effective Player Piano on the market, and is considerably lower in price than any other high-grade make.

Deferred Payments can be arranged to suit the convenience of Purchasers.
ASK FOR CATALOGUE S 1.

COPPLESTON & CO., LTD., 94, Regent Street, W.



Obtainable all over the World at leading Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants.
ANDREW USHER & Co., Distillers, EDINBURGH.
London and Export Agents:
FRANK BAILEY & Co., 59, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

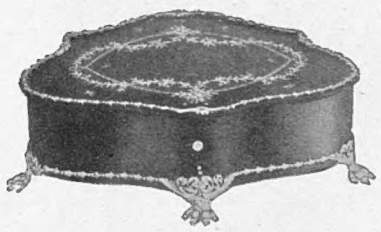

Solid Silver Cake Basket
Chippendale Shaped Border
£5 5 0


Trinket Tray Solid Silver
Gilt and Enamel
£3 0 0


Solid Silver Flower Bowl
Diameter 4 inches, complete with
Wire Netting and Ebonized Plinth
£1 5 0


Solid Silver Pierced Mustard Pot
with Blue Glass Lining
With Silver Spoon
£1 5 0


Registered Design No. 521534
Solid Silver Fruit Tazza with
elaborately Pierced and Shaped
Border, 8 inches in diameter
£8 15 0


Finest Tortoiseshell Jewel Casket, inlaid
Gold, Silver and Mother-o'-Pearl
£9 5 0

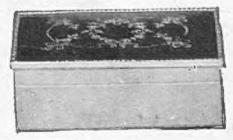

Solid Silver
Sugar Dredger
Reproduction of Antique
£5 7 6


Solid Silver Chain Bag with
Carved Ornamental Mount
Length 5 inches
£2 10 0


Solid Silver Ash Tray
and Cigar Rest
£1 5 0


Solid Silver Tea Caddy
Reproduction of Antique
£1 17 6


Finest Tortoiseshell Ink Stand
Inlaid Silver and Mother-o'-Pearl
£5 10 0


Solid Silver Trinket Box
Tortoiseshell Lid, inlaid
with Silver, length 4 inches
£3 0 0


Registered Design No. 529758
Solid Silver Coffee Set, Empire Style
£6 0 0


Solid Silver Gilt Jewel Box
Finest Tortoiseshell Lid, 4¼ inches
£5 15 0

The Public supplied direct at Manufacturers Cash Prices

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Selections sent on approval, Carriage paid at the Company's risk

Christmas Catalogue post free on request

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co'y Ld 112 Regent Street London W



THIS
—and this only
is the jar you should accept when you order LEMCO

This jar contains only pure, fresh beef in the most highly concentrated form obtainable. You pay for BEEF—you do not pay for any added water, colouring, flavouring, seasoning or "doctoring" of any kind whatever. Its purity is guaranteed.

That is why, in kitchen or sickroom, LEMCO goes further than any other beef extract—that is why, though LEMCO is *not* the *lowest priced* extract you may buy, it is the *cheapest in the end*. And that is why every economical wife, mother, nurse and cook should specify

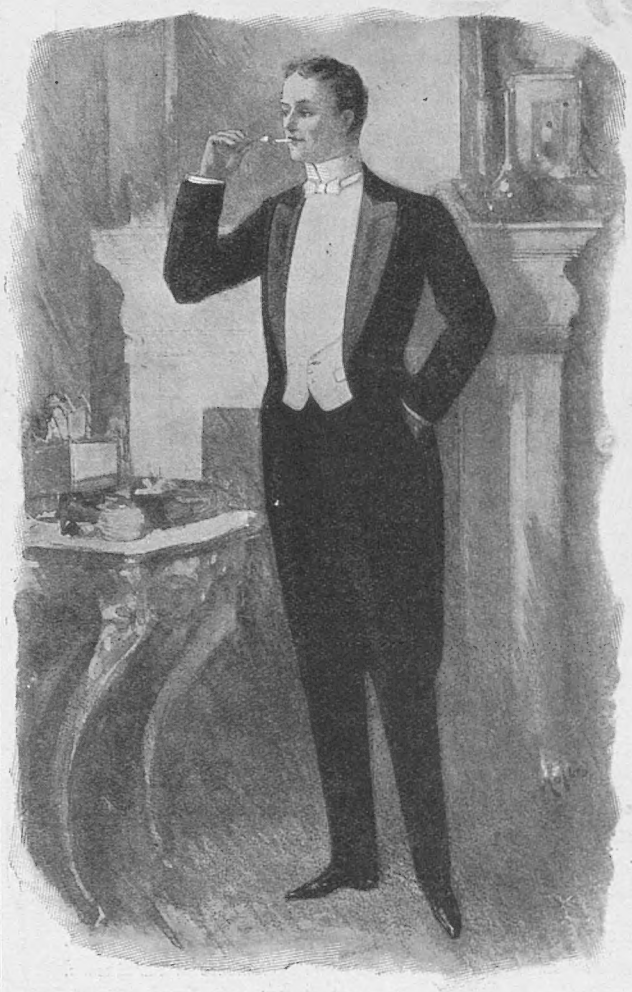
Lemco

The Lemco-Thermos Flask—FREE! *(By arrangement with Thermos, Ltd.)* Save the Weight Coupons from each jar, and get a Lemco-Thermos Flask (as sold at 21/-), FREE to any address in the United Kingdom. Keeps LEMCO or other liquids hot for twenty-four hours without heat, cost, or attention, and with care lasts a lifetime. Offer closes December 31, 1909.

Send postcard for particulars to—

Lemco Bonus Office, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.



SPÉCIALITÉ DRESS SUIT
lined with Silk, and Silk Facings,
£5 5 0
as Illustration.

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS
from
10 Guineas.
A select assortment of the newest styles in

WINTER OVERCOATS
in the most fashionable materials, ready for immediate wear. Also a variety of

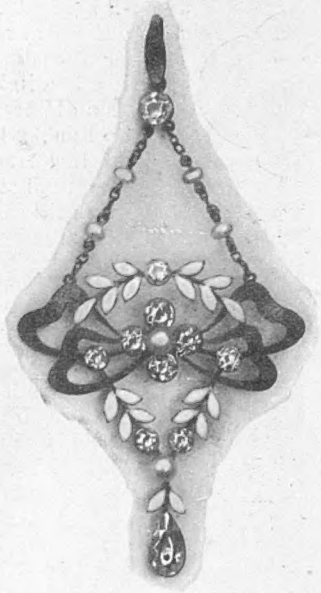
RAIN-PROOF OVERCOATS
in the latest designs from
£2 2 0
to
£3 10 0
are now on view in our Show Rooms.

Patterns forwarded on application.

Tele. Address: "Webb Miles, London."
Telephone: 988 Mayfair.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.,
12, 10, 8 & 6, BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON.

ELKINGTON'S
NEW DESIGNS
IN JEWELLERY.



L 224.—Fine Gold Enamelled, with Richly Chased Leaves, Pearls, Aquamarines and Pink Tourmalines.
£5 15 0

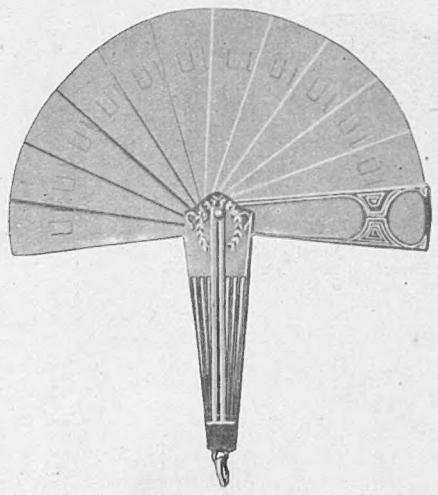
Now Ready.

NEW XMAS LIST POST FREE.

Replete with Artistic and Useful Novelties all of

ELKINGTON QUALITY.

IN SILVER.



Sterling Silver and Ivory Fan .. £1 0 0
Solid Gold and Ivory 5 15 0
Open: 6 in. high. Closed: 3½ in. high.

ELKINGTON & CO., Ltd.,

LONDON	BIRMINGHAM	LIVERPOOL	MANCHESTER	NEWCASTLE	GLASGOW	MONTREAL	CALCUTTA	BUENOS AIRES	RANGOON
22, Regent St., S.W. and 73, Cheapside, E.C.	Newhall St., Manufactory and Showroom.	27 & 29, Lord St.	St. Ann's Sq.	32 & 34, Northumberland St.	34, Buchanan St.	A. T. Wiley & Co.	Esplanade.	Barlow & Co.	S. C. Coombes, Ltd.